A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macauley

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Across the Plains in 1849.....1
Once a Prisoner of the Comanches.....7
A Bandera County Tragedy.....8
A Tragedy of the Frontier.....11
The Headless Horseman.....12
Fannin County's First Court House.....15
Waco, Before War Times.....16
Santa Anna Saved by American Flag....17
"Let's All Go to Menard," a Poem.....19
The Captivity of Mrs. Wattenbach.....20
Ben Thompson Kills His First Man.....26
The Old Frontier.....28
Roy Bean, "Law West of the Pecos"..30

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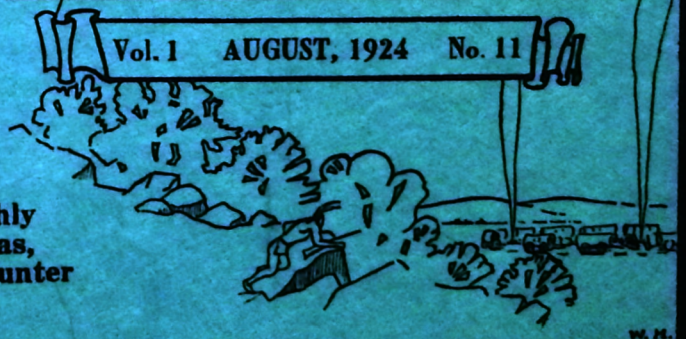
Vol. 1 AUGUST, 1924 No. 11



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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 11 AUGUST, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

Across the Plains in 1849.

Dallas News, May 14, 1911

Uncle Larry Gooding, well known in printing and newspaper circles in North Texas in the early days, claims to have been the first white child among the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians after they were brought to Indian Territory from Mississippi, and talks interestingly of life in this country in that early day. The account of few of his many remarkable experiences are more interesting than his narration of the trip he made overland from Fort Smith Ark., to Santa Fe in 1849:

When Capt. R. B. Marcy was ordered early in 1849 to make the long trip across the great plains to determine the most feasible route for a railroad, it was but natural that I, a lad of 18, whose whole life had been spent within the garrison of Fort Towson, should clamor for permission to accompany the expedition. Nor was it strange that father should consent to trust me on the journey with his friend, the Captain. I doubt if many men would thus trust their sons today, but then it was different. Long journeys overland were not considered unusually hazardous undertakings. The frontier afforded no other means of travel.

Of course, mother cried and protested, as mothers always cry and protest, when their baby boys, just nearing man's estate, are about to launch out on a great expedition from home. But why should she fear to trust me? True, I was diminutive, but well developed, and, as I thought, thoroughly capable of caring for myself under all circumstances. Had I not seven years previous, when just a mere boy, journeyed from Fort Towson by stage coach to Washington, Ark., and from there by another stage to Rock Hoe, and at that place taken a steamboat for Cincinnati, en route with my uncle to Portland, Maine, where I remained in school two years, far from my mother's care? And had I not in later years, astride my faithful pony, alone made the trip eighty miles or more west from Fort Towson across the prairies and hills of the extreme southern end of the Choctaw Indian Nation to Fort Washita?

Sam Upshaw, son of Col. Upshaw, agent for the Choctaws and Chickasaws, lived at Fort Washita, and was the only white lad within riding distance. Often in quest of deer and other smaller game we rode from Sam's home northeast through the Caddo hills, where the Indians of that name had years before made their last stand before the superior and wilder Comanches. The hills were still strewn with the relics of the slaughter.

It was to protect the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who were taken from Mississippi to Indian Territory in 1833, and to save the remnants of the Caddos and Delawares from the murderous attacks of the Comanches, Apaches and Shawnees that Fort Towson was established. Even the Tonkawas, still known as cannibals, had been given to making incursions into the more peaceable country from their far western Texas domain. The fort was located in the extreme southwestern corner of Indian Territory, only a few miles distant from Red River, the southern boundary.

Life among the Indians—civilized, semi-civilized and savage—seems to have been by predistined lot. I was born near what is now the city of Rock Island, Ill., on the very day the difficulties with the Sioux and Fox Indians which threatened war, was adjusted. That was June 29, 1831. I was reared in a frontier fort, and have lived to see the country, which that fort was built to protect, allotted among the Indians and become a part of a well-developed State, with many of the redskins who were guarded by the soldiers, prominent citizens.

Father was a West Pointer, but did not graduate at the school. Later he was appointed regimental sutler of the Ninth

Infantry, and went with the regiment from New York to Northern Illinois.

When I was but 2 years old the soldiers were ordered to the wilderness of the great Southwest to protect the civilized and semi-civilized tribes from their more vicious brothers.

Being the first white "papoose" among the Indians in their new country was some distinction, though I was too young to appreciate it. Mother often amused me, when I became old enough to take an interest in stories, by relating how the dark-faced squaws of the semi-civilized tribes who traded at the fort, came long distance to see her pale-faced baby. Even those vanity pleasing tales, the petting and pampering of the idle soldiers and free access to father's well-assorted stock, did not entirely alleviate the monotony of life in the little fort, when I grew to be a restless, active lad.

Indian difficulties were few and usually easily settled, and aside from the trip East to attend school, and the occasional visits to my friend, Sam Upshaw, at the newer fort to the west, sorties were few indeed.

News that Capt. Marcy, one of the most popular officers at the fort, had been ordered to make a trip from Fort Smith, Ark., west to Santa Fe and thence south to El Paso, Texas, and back over the southern trail to Preston, Texas, to me presented the opportunity for travel and adventure and my restless spirit had so long desired. I thought then it was the most important event in my life, and the reflections of later years force the conclusion it at least had a great effect on my career, entirely curbing my longing for the roving, out-of-door life of the untamed west and forcing to a fuller appreciation of the comforts and advantages of civilization, even though the immediate confines of that civilization be an Indian reservation fort.

The merest chance of fate saved me while on that journey, from death at the hands of murderous Apaches, while escapes from injuries because of my own recklessness were of almost daily occurrence. Once I did not escape, but the penalty imposed by my imprudence was such that I was able to bear it.

Father easily arranged with Capt. Marcy for me to accompany the expedition. My equipment for the journey consisted of my faithful pony, a double-barrel shotgun and a large amount of clothing and supplies taken from my father's store. Long before the time of starting I was ready. The pony I had tried on many long jaunts, while the gun was thoroughly tested, though much good ammunition was wasted in these efforts. The supplies and provisions I knew were good, for they were selected with special care from father's stock.

It was a bright morning when about forty men of Capt. Marcy's company filed out of the fort and commenced the march northward to Fort Smith. This journey was easily accomplished, and the novelty of field life had not grown old before the Arkansas post was reached. There Capt. Marcy's command was strengthened by nearly a hundred cavalrymen and active preparations made for the long journey wesward. "Black Beaver," a noted Delaware Indian scout, who was to be our guide, also joined the party. The caravan which soon after wended its way out of Fort Smith to the westward looked more like a train of overland merchant freighters than a military expedition. The provision train was much longer and larger than the military party it was supporting.

Our equipment included almost every conceivable appliance, that we might need, as well as nearly a year's supplies.

The rations and supplies furnished by the Government were loaded into big army wagons drawn by fine, large mules. Two wagons loaded with belongings of private members of the party were drawn by two teams of horses, while at the end of the wagon line trudged two yoke of oxen. About fifty beef cattle were herded at the end of the wagon line. To me the herding along of the cattle seemed a deal of unnecessary trouble and expense, but before the journey was half over I was convinced of the wisdom of that provision.

Marching to the southwest the caravan was soon upon the divide between the Canadian and Red Rivers, and intercepted one of the trails to California. The course then lay almost due west.

There was sufficient newness to the expedition and enough strangers in the party to keep me interested for many days. All the soldiers soon learned that I was the special charge of the Captain, and as such was allowed to do about as I pleased. Often I rode with the vanguard, for the train was so heavy that although we were traversing a well-marked trail, each mile had to be carefully surveyed before the wagons could

slowly worm their way over the plains. Sometimes the scouts, led by "Black Beaver" rode twenty or thirty miles to the north or south of the established trail in search of a better route, for that was the purpose of the expedition. When hard riding beame wearisome I sauntered along with the wagons, or even helped the rear guard herd along the cattle.

Soon we found the trail marked with mute evidences of the hardships of the gold-crazed "forty-niners." A discarded wheel told a tale of rough travel, while a pile of bleached bones testified to a more serious loss. Farther on disabled wagons and carts of many discriptions were found beside the way.

Spring had worn into summer before anything of unusual interest transpired to break the monotony of the journey. Of course, there were culverts to be constructed out of poles, and streams to be forded, but these were the commonplace features of the march.

One day while we were in camp "Black Beaver" returned from a scouting expedition and reported a party of Comanches several miles to the northwest. They appeared friendly, although the tribe was considered treacherous and vicious. "Black Beaver" was instructed to communicate with the Indians and to invite the Chief to visit Capt. Marcy at the camp.

Attired in scanty raiment, those wild sons of the plains presented a sleek and shiny, if not a threatening appearance, as they gracefully galloped up to our camp that morning, their course black hair freshly greased with bear oil glistening in the sun.

The meeting between the chief and Capt. Marcy was most cordial. Instead of extending his hand for a formal shake as a white man would have done on the occasion for a first presentation, the stalwart chief vigorously embraced the officer, such being the Indian's manner of salutation .

The Comanches remained about the camp nearly all day and managed to make way with a goodly amount of our choicest provisions. They took a particular fancy to our beef cattle, and as a sort of friendship offering Capt. Marcy presented two fine steers to the Chief. Then we saw a remarkable exhibition of Indian marksmanship. The steers were led off to one side, while several young bucks armed with bows and arrows mounted their ponies and circled the steers at a rapid pace, all the while loudly yelling. Each in turn shot at the steers, and not a single arrow went wild of its mark. After dressing their beef the Comanches departed and we saw no more of them.

Riding fifteen or twenty miles a day across the monotonous plains, a merciless sun all the while beating down upon us, the air much of the time permeated with the stench of decaying carasses left beside the trail by the hordes of gold-seekers who had just preceded us, soon became wearisome in the extrtme. Many, many times I sincerely wished myself safe at Fort Towson. Camp life had lost all its charms. I was travel worn, weary and homesick, but too plucky to confess my feelings to anyone, not even the Captain. No doubt my appearance and actions in a measure betrayed my feelings, but no one chided me, for weariness was the prevailing sentiment throughout the party. But what was the use to complain? There was no alternative—we must advance.

One blazing hot day early in July we overtook a party of emigrants bound for the gold fields of California. Though we had found many traces of such expeditions, this was the first we had overtaken. They were, of course, glad to avail themselves of the protection of the troops, and while the two caravans did not merge, we traveled along together for many days, Most of the time we were in the lead, but sometimes when we halted to more thoroughly explore the country, or to repair our wagons, the gold seekers passed us. They were always careful not to get too far in the lead, and were equally cautious to keep close to us when in the rear. The party was from Iowa and was the source of much interest to me.

The Western plains were wild, but extremely barren and afforded scarcely no game, so that we were forced to draw heavily upon our beef cattle for fresh meat.

The higher mountainous country beyond the Texas plains brought a welcomed climatical relief, but did not entirely relieve the monotony of the journey. It was with much rejoicing we received the news the scouts had sighted Santa Fe from one of the peaks in the higher country of the east of the town.

My first impression of Santa Fe was rather disappointing. We had frequent opportunities to look down upon the place before reaching it, and to me it

appeared a miserable group of low, flat houses all huddled together inside a mud wall. We remained there a month, resting from our long journey and preparing for the still longer one on the return over the southern route, but my first impression of the place was not materially changed by a month's close acquaintance.

I made two valuable acquisitions while in Santa Fe, but foolishly failed to heed the advice of several of the officers, who urged that I trade my splendid little pony for a fresher one, an animal better able to bear me safely home. One of the additions was an intelligent shepherd dog and the other was a fine Mississippi rifle entrusted to my care by Lieut. Upthegraph, who had been ordered to remain in Santa Fe. He prised the gun very highly and wanted it returned to Fort Townson. Of course this trust gave me an increased opinion of my importance, and this came near proving my undoing.

I stored my shotgun in the Captain's wagon and carried the rifle, which at all times I was ready and anxious to exhibit, for it was then considered a very fine gun. At first I stoutly refused to loan the rifle, preferring rather to accompany anyone who disired to hunt at long range. Had I not deviated a little from this rule someone other than myself would have had to have been the narrator of this story, while my scalp would have dangled from the belt of some murderous Apache.

We traveled south from Santa Fe, bearing somewhat to the west to keep in the Rio Grande Valley, but when nearing El Paso turned to the east, missing the town by about thirty miles.

Several days' journey out on the trail leading toward home our party was overtaken by two young Texans, cousins, Will and Ed Roberts. They had started to California, but after reaching El Paso had tired of the journey and turned back.

The course for several weeks was slightly north east and was pursued without incident until we neared the Colorado River. We halted for a Sunday rest a few miles from the banks of that stream, and after camp was made Lieut. Harrison was ordered by Capt. Marcy to on the morrow inspect the route between the camp and the river, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. Lieut. Harrison came to me that evening and asked permission to use Lieut Upthegraph's rifle. At first I refused and begged permission to accompany him to the river canyon, where it was thought we might get a shot at some big game.

Sunday morning found me confined to my tent with an acute attack of colic. I loaned Harrison the rifle and he proceeded on his scouting expedition alone.

As the journey assigned to Lieut Harrison was not a lengthy one, when he failed to return before dark some uneasiness was felt. Early in the night a small cannon, which the expedition carried, was fired as a guiding signal to Harrison, it being feared he had lost his bearings. Little did we suspect that the brave scout was at that hour beyond our guidance or aid; that the booming of the cannon was in reality a salute to the dead.

All night long the soldiers watched and waited, and when I retired at a late hour speculation was rife as to the probable fate of the missing man, but the worst that was even imagined was that Harrison's horse had fallen, injuring both himself and the rider.

I rose early the next morning to find the camp anxious and uneasy, with more of a martial spirit apparent than had been manifest since the journey started. The cavalry responded with alacrity to the bugle call, while the infantrymen, who seldom preserved regluar formation while on the march, were drawn up in front of the Captain's tent to receive orders. The hostlers were ordered to saddle every available mount among the wagon teams for the use of the infantrymen, many of whom were thus mounted.

The horsemen were divided into pairs and each couple instructed to pursue a different course and to search deligently for the missing man. Because I was the personal charge of the Captain nd had on the previous day suffered a slight illness he refused to let me accompany the searchers. My faithful dog, "Shep," shared a better fate. He followed Jim Stephens, our camp sutler, who rode my little pony, and Will Roberts, one of the young Texans who had joined our party, and played a prominent part in the events of the day.

The searchers were on their way soon after daylight, and it was nearly noon before any report of their success reached the camp.

Stephens and Roberts, closely following the course Lieut Harrison had taken in leaving the camp, after several miles' riding, came upon what they presumed

to be traces of the missing man. The tall grass to one side of the trail was mashed down, as if he had dismounted and sat upon the ground. There were tracks in the trail other than those made by the hoofs of Harrison's horse. This discovery made the searchers extremely uneasy, for they began to suspect that Harrison had been the victim of foul play rather than an accident. They searched for a considerable distance in every direction, but failed to find further trace of the missing man, and were about to abandon the clew when "Shep" took the scent and darted off toward the canyon, nearly half a mile away, the horsemen closely following.

Fears for the safety of Harrison increased when the dog stopped suddenly at the brink of the precipice and barked loudly. Frightened by the noise, a crow flew from the river bed below ond circled above the top of the bluff. Dismounting and drawing close to the edge of the precipice, the searchers were able to scan the canyon. On the rocks below a horrible sight met their gaze—Lieut Harrison's lifeless body, scalped, badly mangled and almost nude.

A signal from their guns brought other searchers to the scene, one of the first to arrive being Black Beaver, the Indian scout. The river bed was reached by a circuitous route and the body picked up and tenderly conveyed to camp.

The unfortunate soldier had been shot in the back of the head with a ball from his own gun. Lieut Upthegraph's rifle, which I had loaned him. What might have been my fate had I accompanied him? Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, with the last hostile Indians subdued and the remnant of the Apache warriors prisoners of the Government. I shudder when meditating on my narrow escape. With the assassins of Lieut. Harrison bent on such a deed, two of us could hardly have escaped, even though we might have inflicted some loss on our assailants.

Lieut. Harrison's murderers had stolen his horse, his weapons and almost all of his clothing, even stopping to cut the high tops off his military boots. This soft leather, Black Beaver later explained to me, was wanted by the Indians to make bands to protect their wrists from being cut by the rebound of the bowstrings while shooting. After stripping and scalping the body, the Indians had thrown it over the precipice onto the rocks below, for the wolves and birds to feed upon.

Tracks found in the sand, Black Beaver declares, indicated that Lieut Harrison had been met by a party of five Indians while returning to camp. He had dismounted to talk with them, probably at their bidding. The place where they sat upon the ground was the spot which first attracted the attention of Stephens and Roberts, and the scout expressed the belief that Harrison's arms had been taken from him while he was seated. Feigning curiosity to inspect the weapons of a lone white man was a ruse often used by the Indians to disarm their victims. This was no doubt the fate of Harrison. A little further on a place was located where Harrison had probably struggled with his captors, and it was there he was killed.

Under the ledge of a cliff half a mile away, was found a freshly smothered campfire. Tracks led from the place where Harrison and the Indians had met to this campfire, and again from the camp site back to the place of meeting, from where they disappeared to the southeast. The Indians had camped after murdering Lieut. Harrison, but had fled after hearing the booming of the cannon during the night. Doubling on their tracks was but a ruse to confuse their pursuers. This was not successful, Black Beaver even succeeding in establishing the fact from the tracks that three of the party rode ponies and two were mounted on mules, probably stolen from some emigrant train.

A council of war was held that evening and it was determined every effort should be made to apprehend the murderers. Orders were issued to prepare the camp for an indefinate stay, and several small parties were sent out to the southeast, but toward the end of the week they all returned without having found any trace of the guilty parties, and the hunt was reluctantly abandoned.

A rough coffin for Lieut Harrison's body, was made of sideboards of the wagon beds. The box was made as tight as possible and then snugly lined with heavy canvas from a new wagon top. A layer of pulverized charcoal was spread over the bottom of the box and the body wrapped in a flag, then placed in the box. The remaining space was tightly packed with charcoal and the side of the canvass lining brought together over the top and

well stitched, after which the lid was screwed on. This was a crude method of embalming, but sufficed to preserve the body until the expedition returned to Fort Smith late in the winter.

I was not permitted to view the body after it was brought into camp and while it was being prepared for its long journey home, Capt. Marcy saying it was too horrible a sight for a lad to look upon.

The remainder of the journey was accomplished with two unusual incidents.

Early in November, not long after the death of Lieut. Harrison, a norther, as those extremities of Texas weather have since become known, swept down upon us. The day had not been unusually cold, but toward evening a cutting north wind sent the mercury down at a rapid rate. We were poorly prepared for this sudden change, and much suffering resulted. In the morning an inch of snow was upon the ground and thirty-seven mules and four horses were dead beside the wagons.

The loss of the teams was a serious one, and as a result five supply wagons and one ambulance had to be abandoned. To keep these wagons from falling into the hands of the Indians, they were taken apart and the pieces scattered over a wide area. The place was marked, and its location carefully noted in Capt. Marcy's report, but when a later expedition visited the place they found the wagon parts had been assembled by the Indians and burned to secure the iron.

An accident which more seriously affected me was the disabling of my faithful pony. He had stood my excessive riding remarkably well, but failed me utterly in the last stage of the journey, just as I had been warned that he would do. I was thus forced to take my place among the infantry and walk the last several hundred miles . It was not often that I was able to steal a ride in the wagons, for they were badly overloaded after the loss of so many mules and horses.

We continued in an easterly direction until reaching the place where Fort Worth, Texas, has since been built, and then turned almost due north and marched toward Preston. This town was then considered the head of Red River navigation and was the starting point for expeditions to El Paso and other far Western points.

Upon recommendations made by Capt. Marcy in his report, Fort Worth was later established to protect the Texas frontier. It is hard to realize that this large city has been built up since I became of age. When Capt. Marcy's expedition crossed Texas it was but a turning point in the trail, with the desolate prairie stretching in every direction as far as the eye could see. Now it is the chief cattle shipping point in the great Southwest, and that limitless prairie of fifty years ago is a well developed farming country. Will the youth of this day in their old age be able to say their lives have witnessed changes as great as these! Some one, no doubt, will remark, "What a fortune he might have amassed had he only staked a claim at that bend in the trail."

At Preston we crossed Red River, and soon the expedition divided. The cavalry bearing the body of Lieut Harrison went northeast toward Fort Smith, while the infantry accompanied by a single wagon turned due east and proceeded to Fort Towson.

Heavy winter rains made travel through the black land of Red River valley extremely difficult, and we progressed slowly. Arriving one evening at Kitmichi River, just five miles from our destination, we found the river badly swollen, and were compelled to camp

Such a camp as it was! All night the rain came down in torrents. I tried to sleep, but the water ran under the side of the tent, and soon I was lying in a puddle of cild water. When home and all its comforts but five miles away, that was one of the most miserable nights of the entire trip.

In the morning a boat was made of the wagon bed by lashing two barrels to each side of it. A long rope was attached to each end of this queer craft, and a soldier bearing the other end of one of these ropes swam the river. We were then able to ferry the entire party across.

I had traded my fine, but jaded pony, after crossing Red River, for an inferior but fresher animal so that I might ride into Fort Towson and escape chiding because of my long walk The precaution did not suffice, and soon the story leaked out, but was almost forgotten before the general rejoicing over our safe return subsided.

"Shep," my faithful dog, accompanied me all the way home, but was soon afterward killed by a pack of hounds, owned by a Choctaw Indian farmer.

Once a Prisoner of the Comanches.

Houston Chronicle

Captured by the fierce Comanche Indians at the age of 10 years, carried away into captivity, forced to see her own sister stabbed by the redmen and thrown aside to die, fed upon horse flesh and nuts and then to be rescued and still alive to tell the tale, such is the history of Mrs. Sarah Strauch, 83, of Refugio, Texas.

The Chronicle is indebted to Mrs. I. N. Dunbar of Refugio, for the story, which follows:

Mrs. Sarah Strauch was born in Switzerland in 1841. She came to this country with her parents, Jacob and Elizabeth Thomas and their five children, in 1844, landing at New Orleans. Thence the journey overland to Galveston. Thomas walked from there to Corpus Christi, the family following in a sail boat.

After one year in Corpus Christi, the family removed to St. Joseph's Island and, five years later, to Salt Creek where they made a permanent home.

It was at the latter place that Sarah, then about 10 years old, was taken captive by a band of Comanche Indians raiding cattle ranches in Texas. Sarah and her older sister, Eve, were captured about a mile from their house while looking for milk cows one evening. The Indians placed the girls each on a horse with an Indian rider and galloped away.

About 9 o'clock they came to the San Antonio River. There Eve tried to escape and as punishment the Indians cut her hair off with knives and stabbed her with dirks, finally dropping her for dead on the banks of the river. Sarah was forced to go on, leaving her sister alone and wounded. A searching party found Eve and took her home where she fully recovered.

The Indians stopped at San Saba river, where they remained a month. All this time Sarah was enduring untold hardships—she was forced to sleep on the ground with no clothing except a thin slip (the Indians had taken her clothes the day she was captured). She had nothing to eat save horse flesh and nuts.

An Indian agent, Church Rollins, located the band and brought about her release by exchanging an Indian boy for her and, two weeks later, she returned home. She afterward married Anthony Strauch and to this union were born five children, three of whom are still living, George and Henry of Refugio, and Anthony, of Kerrville.

"Grandma" Strauch, as she is better known, lives alone in a modest little cottage in Refugio where she has lived for 40 years. She does all her own work, baking and serving. She is a devout Christian of Presbyterian faith and is loved by all who know her.

The passports with which the Thomas family came to this country are preserved.

Old Timers Are Passing

Within the last few weeks, several "old timers" have died in San Antonio and vicinity. One by one, the men and women who laid the foundation for this great empire are passing to the beyond. Their work is done and they are crossing the great divide. It took a rugged sort of manhood and womanhood to live in Texas half a century or so ago. This country was no place for weaklings, physical or moral. Only the fit survived. That is why the old timers who still remain amongst us, are such excellent specimens of integrity, honor and courage. Graying hair and passing years have left them undaunted, unconquered and unafraid. As they met the hardships and terrors of frontier days, so do they face today, the strains and problem of modern times. Meeting one of these "old timers," the youth of today can not fail but be impressed with the calm demeanor, happy outlook of life and readiness to meet fate's every whim. Texas is producing many able young men and young women who are to shoulder the problems of the present and future, assuming the burdens that the pioneers are relinquishing. But we doubt if the present generation will excel the solid, worth-while manhood and womanhood that carved this empire from a wilderness and brought under the American banner, the greatest state in the union.—San Antonio Light

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Frontier Times has a few copies of Capt. Gillett's book, "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," to sell at $2.50, postpaid.

A Bandera County Tragedy.

By J. Marvin Hunter

During the days of the Civil War, Bandera County was the scene of several tragedies, the most prominent of which was the execution of eight men one night in the summer of 1863, on Julian Creek, four miles east of this town. There are no living witnesses to this tragedy—at least, if they are living they have kept silent for many, many years. But living in Bandera County today are two are three men who remember the circumstances, and who assisted in giving the victims decent burial, and it is from these men that I get the information from which to weave the story of a crime for which the perpetrators were never brought to the bar of justice.

When Texas seceded from the Union, old Camp Verde, 12 miles north of Bandera, was occupied by the Confederate forces. First a frontier battalion was organized for protection against the Indians, and this was directed from Camp Verde. Later, Confederate soldiers were stationed at this well known post, where Gen. Lee, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and other notables had at previous times been in command. While Lawhon's company was stationed at Camp Verde in 1863, it became known that a small party of supposed "bushwhackers" were passing through the country en route to Mexico to avoid conscription. There were eight men and one boy in the party, and it became known that they were from Florence, Williamson County. Why they were termed "bushwhackers" has never been explained, but it is presumed that they had taken part in certain bushwhacking operations and had been forced to leave that section. But be that as it may, the word was carried to Camp Verde and a troop of 25 men under command of Maj. W. J. Alexander immediately started in pursuit. In the pursuing party were a number of men who were well known to the early settlers of Bandera County, but after the close of the war they all disappeared, some making haste to get out of the country.

The small band of nine men passed through Bandera several days before the soldiers took up their pursuit. They were well mounted, well armed and well provisioned and made no secret of their destination, saying that they were leaving the country because they did not care to become involved in the strife between the States, and when it was over they expected to return and take up their residence in Williamson County again, where some of them had families and homes. They seemed quiet and peaceable and paid for everything they secured in Bandera, and went on their way.

Several days afterward Maj. Alexander and his men came through Bandera on trail of the men, and went from here to Hondo. Picking up the trail there, they followed it to Squirrel Creek, some 10 miles beyond Hondo, where they discovered the men they were seeking in camp. They had finished their noonday meal, and were quietly resting, some lounging around and talking, others attending to the stock, not suspecting that they were being pursued and at that very moment in danger of being captured. Approaching under cover within a very short distance of where the men were camped, Maj. Alexander stepped out into an opening and, swinging his saber over his head, called upon them to surrender, telling them he had them surrounded and there was no chance for escape, and if they would quietly submit he would pledge his word that they should have a fair trial by court-martial at Camp Verde.

The little party of nine promptly yielded up their arms, and were then forced to saddle their horses and immediately start back toward Camp Verde. All went evenly enough until the second night on the return trip, when, while in camp on the Julian some of Alexander's men wanted to hang the prisoners.

Some of the party refused to have any thing to do with the execution, but some were determined to put the prisoners out of the way, and accordingly marched them out some distance from camp and hung them one by one. A hair rope was used in hanging these men, and each one died by strangulation, being drawn up until choked to death. When life was extinct the victim was let down, and the rope cut, leaving the noose still about his neck. Bill Sawyer, one of the victims begged to be shot, saying he preferred that manner of death to being hung. His wish was granted, and some one in the party fired a rifle at him which only produced a flesh wound on his arm.

Sawyer fell, but when it was found that he had not been fatally shot, another man placed the muzzle of his gun against the fallen man and shot him through the body with a full charge, leaving the ramrod in the gun, which went through him and into the ground. He was thus found the next day The boy in the party, a lad about 16 years old, is supposed to have escaped, but he, too, may have been murdered, as he was never heard of again.

After completing their work, the men who had participated in this crime(those who refused to have a hand in it having passed on) came to Bandera the next morning and proceeded on to Camp Verde without delay, some of the party hinting to citizens that they had rid the country of some more bushwhackers. Alexander's men had their victims' horses, saddless, bedding, clothing and shoes.

Joseph H. Poor, who lived on the West Verde, was camped near the place of execution, and the next morning he went out to look for his horses and came upon the bodies just as Alexander's men left them. He hastened to Bandera and notified the authorities and Justice of the Peace O. B. Miles, Robert Ballentyne, George Hay, Amasa Clark, John Pyka and a number of others went down there to investigate. They found seven of the men had been hanged until dead, and the eighth had been shot through with a ramrod, as stated. George Hay says he pulled the ramrod out of the body. An inquest was held, and the verdict rendered as follows: "We the jury, find that these men (giving their names) were killed by Maj. W. J. Alexander's company." A grave was opened and the bodies of the eight unfortunate men were rolled into it and covered up. Many years later a tombstone was erected over the grave, and on this tombstone appears the names of the men who were murdered while prisoners, who had been given a sacred pledge that they would be given just treatment if they surrendered.

How do we know these things? There were men in Maj. Alexander's party who refused to countenance the execution of helpless prisoners, and months afterward they talked freely of the occurrence, telling all particulars, and even giving the names of the men who participated. This tragedy occurred in 1863, but retribution usually follows such crimes, and after the war ended and while E. J. Davis was Governor of Texas, district judges all over the State were instructed to charge their respective grand juries to investigate such matters. G. H. Noonan, a good man and true, was judge of this district at that time, and he directed the grand jury of this county to thoroughly investigate the hanging of these men, with the result that as soon as it became known that the strong arm of the law was reaching out, there was a hasty departure by some for a more congenial climate. This was in 1866.

The grand jury indicted W. J. Alexander et al for murder and highway robbery, and for want of service the case was continued on the docket from term to term, so the records show. Maj. Alexander had disappeared. Not one of the men charged in the indictment was ever arrested. One of them, it is said, was killed at New Braunfels by officers while resisting arrest. More than half a century has passed since that stain was placed on Bandera County's history, and all who took part in it are supposed to be dead. But it is said that the men who urged the execution of those prisoners and carried it out were not citizens of the county. The court records may reveal their names, if search is made for they were indicted by the grand jury in 1866. The names of their victims are: C. J. Sawyer, W. M. Sawyer, George Thayer, William Shumake, Jack Whitmire, Jake Kyle, John Smart and a Mr. Vanwinkle.

George Hay, who is now in his 88th year, and still quite active, in discussing this crime, said:

"I have seen many foul crimes in my time, but this was the most revolting that I ever knew. A party of us went out from Bandera as soon as we learned of the occurrence and found the bodies of those unfortunate men lying just as they had been cut down, pieces of the horsehair rope around each man's neck. They had all been strangled to death by the rope being placed over a limb and drawn up, possibly by somebody on horseback. One man, Bill Sawyer, was laying face down, shot through with a wooden ramrod, which had passed entirely through his body and penetrated into the ground for at least 10 or 12 inches. It was with great difficulty that I drew out this ramrod. Alexander's party passed through Bandera about 8 o'clock one Sunday morning, and in just a little while Joseph Poor came with the news that he had

found some murdered men down on the Julian. We buried them as best we could, and in giving our verdict at the inquest we definitely placed the blame on Alexander's men, some of whom I knew, but they are all dead now."

Amasa Clark one of the first settlers here, and who is now in his 96th year, active and full of life, clearly remembers the time when this tragedy was enacted, and when questioned about it a few days ago was very emphatic in his denunciation of the perpetrators. His statement follows:

"Oh, yes, I remember the hanging of the Sawyers and those other men. It was an outrage. They were murdered—yes murdered in cold blood. Deliberately murdered without being given a chance for their lives. I knew all of the circumstances, and when Mr. Poor brought word to Bandera that he had found their bodies Mr. Daniel Rugh asked me to go with him down there. When we arrived there a grewsome sight met our gaze. Some had been partly stripped. I heard afterward that some of the men who took part part in the hanging had worn the clothes of their victims while passing through Bandera. There was a report that some of them gambled for the clothing the night of the murder, but I cannot vouch for this statement. This crime created a great deal of indignation here, but the citizens were powerless to do anything. The murdered men were strangers, peaceably passing through the country. They had committed no crime that I know of and should not have been molested. After the war diligent efforts were made to apprehend the guilty ones and bring them to justice, but without success. I knew several of them, but as soon as they were mustered out of the Confederate service, and before the civil courts were in good running order, they left the country. An attempt was made by New Braunfels officers to arrest one of these men on warrant from Bandera County, but he resisted arrest and was killed. Now, I do not charge this crime to Confederate soldiers. I do not believe a true Confederate would be guilty of such a heinous offense as deliberately putting to death an enemy without giving him every chance the law gives a man. I have lived in the South ever since I returned from my service in the Mexican War, in 1848, and I loved the South and the cause she fought for. I know the rules of warfare and how prisoners should be treated. Sawyer and his men were not treated as prisoners of war. They were hung without a trial, and it seems to me that robbery was the sole motive that prompted their execution. This all happened years ago, but it made such a lasting impression that I will never forget it, and have many times wished to see the guilty ones brought before the courts and made to pay the penalty for their crime."

John Pyka, another highly respected citizen of Bandera, gave his version of this sad affair as follows:

"At that time I was just a lad, large enough, however, to think I was about grown, and I distinctly remember when Mr. Joseph Poor came and notified us that he had seen the body of a man on the Julian with arrows sticking in him and he thought Indians were in the country. Mr. Poor lived on the West Verde, but was camped near the scene of the crime, and was out looking for his horses that had strayed off from camp when he came upon the bodies. He did not take time to investigate, but came right on to Bandera and notified the authorities. I went out with the crowd to the place, and we found seven of the men had been hung and one had been shot through with a ramrod. It was an awful spectacle. No, I do not think these men had been stripped of their clothing, because I remember seeing that the cattle had chewed the sleeve of the coat on one of the dead men, and if I remember rightly they were all in full attire. Their pockets were empty, showing that they had been robbed. A 16-year- old boy that was captured with the men was spared for the time being, I understand, and was taken up about Fredericksburg, but as he was never heard of again, it is supposed that he, too was killed. I knew some of the men who had a hand in the hanging, but they left the country when investigation started, I think all of the participants are dead now, for it has been a long time ago since all this happened.

"We dug a shallow grave, laid the dead men into it, spread blankets over them, and covered them up the best we could with dirt and stones to keep the wolves from getting to the bodies. I do not know of any person now living who was present at the time except myself, George Hay and Amasa Clark. There may be others, but I do not remember." the spreading oak to which these men were hung is still standing, a grim senti-

nel on a hilside, gnarled and knotted with age, a silent witness on the scene. Nearby, in a beautiful glade, is the shallow grave which contains the bones of the strangers who were the victims of a hellish plot. Over the grave stands a tombstone, placed there by citizens of the country who were familiar with the details of the murders. On this tombstone is inscribed the following: "C. J. Sawyer, W. M. Sawyer, George Thayre, William Shumake, Jack Whitmire, Jake Kyle, John Smart, Mr. Van Winkle, Died July 25, 1863. Remember, friends, as you pass by; as you are now, so once was I, As I am now, you soon will be; prepare for death and follow me." Mutely this monument stands as the years roll by, in an out-of-the-way place, on land belonging to Frank Pyka. In its seclusion the grave is never disturbed, while in the springtime wild flowers grow and bloom over the mound, song birds make melody in the nearby trees and the soft breezes that blow through the branches chant a requiem to the departed souls.

A Tragedy of the Frontier.

Major W. M. Green, Meridian, Texas.

I think it was about the first of August, 1874, when a detachment was sent out by Captain Waller of Company A, Texas Rangers, from our headquarters camp near the Jim Carter Ranch on Big Sandy, twenty miles north of where the town of Cisco now stands. The detachment was commanded by Sergeant Doolittle. We proceeded to the northwest until early afternoon, when we struck an old Indian trail, and as it led in the direction we wanted to go we followed it to the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where there was one settlement. We stopped here about ten o'clock in the morning with a family, and after eating our dinner we concluded to stay and look around during the afternoon. We induced the man of the house, whose name was Davis I believe, to go with us. He led us to a log cabin about three miles down the river where a lone bachelor had lived until the Indians came along and shot him to death in his yard. He was buried where he fell and we saw his grave there. While we were commenting on the sadness of the affair our escort told us that if we would go back up the river and on the opposite side he would show us three graves and tell us the particulars of a tragedy that would make us all shed tears. On our arrival at the place we beheld a lonely log cabin that had been vacant since the murders happened. Just to the south of the cabin, and near the bank of the river, were three graves, mute evidences of the cruelties of the infamous red devils. About a year before we were there this lonely cabin was the happy home of a mother, father, and five children, the eldest a young lady of eighteen years, a sister of sixteen years, a small boy and girl of nine and seven years, and an infant in arms. The elder girl had a sweetheart who came to pay her a visit one Sunday morning, and the parents took advantage of the young man's presence to visit a neighbor about five miles away, relying upon the young man to protect the girls and smaller children, taking the babe with them. They had not been gone very long before the Indians appeared near the house. Of course there was some excitement and the question of what should be done was hastily discussed. The young man advised that their only safety lay in flight, but the larger girls, with bravery characteristic of frontier women, insisted that they stay in the house and fight the Indians as they had several winchesters in the cabin and knew how to use them. All this time the Indians were advancing upon the house and as they drew nearer the young man became panic-stricken, threw open the door and ran for the nearest point on the river, followed by the two girls and two smaller children. When near the bank of the river the dians overtook the two smaller children, seeing which the elder girl ran back to their assistance and fought the Indians with her bare hands until she went down with them under the cruel stroke of the bloody tomhawk. While this was taking place the cowardly young man, who called himself the brave girl's sweetheart, made his way to the river with her sister to safety. This sad story is but one of the many like instances of the dangers encountered by the people on the Texas frontier.

The Headless Horseman.

A half century ago, many readers of fiction throughout England and the United States regarded Captain Mayne Reid as being among the greatest novelists of the age, and among the many stories of strange adventure he gave the world none were more facinating and thrilling than "The Headless Horseman, or A Strange Tale of Texas." Such became the popular demand for the book that it went through several editions and not until the beginning of the war of secession did the interest on the part of the reading public touching this lively, and in many respects weird story, begin to wane. The charm that enveloped this novel lay not so well in the well arranged plot and the elegant diction of the distinguished author, but rather in the scenes which were laid in far-away Southwest Texas, a region at that time little known to the outside world, a remote quarter of the earth, basking in a halo of the medieval romance, as reflected from San Antonio, the ancient metropolis of Spanish occupation. The characters portrayed were mostly Texas pioneers, rude, uncouth, yet brave, generous men, whose early youth and environment on the western border had inured them to hardships and dangers.

In chaste and glowing language he describes the country where the scene was laid in all its pristine beauty and loveliness, and writes as one who was familiar with every feature that lent a charm to the Southwest Texas landscapes.

Interwoven in the story is the weird spectacle of a headless rider, mounted on a fleet horse which always held aloof from others of his kind, now quietly grazing on the rich sward of the valley, or, with head erect and with proud, stately gait, moving across the divide toward a watering place; now as if on the wings of the tempest, sweeping across the broad and verdant plains of the Nueces. It was indeed a strange story of Texas, in its day, and strangest of all, it was founded on fact, and the parties responsible for the headless rider and his ghostly adventures were well known about San Antonio and throughout Southwest Texas during those days, and one of them sleeps in the state cemetery at Austin today.

Capt. Mayne Reid was an Irish nobleman, born in Ireland, 1717, and died in 1883. A novelist, adventurer, and soldier of fortune, he came to America at the breaking out of the war with Mexico, secured a captain's commission in the American army, and acquitted himself with laudable distinction at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and the storming of Chapultepec. After the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo he was assigned to duty on the Texas border and for several months was stationed at the newly established post of Fort Inge on the Nueces near the present site of Uvalde, and it was while doing garrison duty at this point that he procured the warp and woof to be later woven into the strangest narrative the Irish adventurer penned.

The night before old Ben Milam led his storming party into San Antonio, December 5, 1835, a Mexican lieutenant by the name of Vivois deserted General Cos' army and made his way into the Texas lines. It was on this occasion that Creed Taylor, then a young soldier under Frank Johnson, became acquainted with this Mexican. Vivois, afterwards known to the people around San Antonio as "Vidal," was a very small man, smoothe and observant, and had lingered about San Antonio and Goliad after Santa Anna's defeat at San Jacinto, when he turned out to stealing and became the most noted horse thief in all Southwest Texas. He organized a band of thieves and it seems that by his shrewdness and knowledge of the men whom he had to deal he came in touch with every horse thief on the Rio Grande. He had local branches at nearly every town across the river and the operations of the band extended from Matamoras to Laredo, and on the Texas side they went as far as Nacogdoches. In very many instances the Comanche Indians had to bear the odium so justly due this band.

In the early summer of 1850 Vidal and certain members of his gang made a raid along the San Antonio river, driving off a large bunch of horses from the range extending from the Conquista crossing down to Helena, once the county seat of Karnes county, and adding to the number as they went out toward the Nueces. They had chosen a most opportune time since only a few days previously the Indians had raided the settlements on the Cibolo and the Guadalupe, and in consequence of this raid, nearly every avail-

able man in the country had been called out to chastise the Comanches. Among the horses stolen many belonged to Creed Taylor and a Mexican citizen named Flores. These two men chanced to be at home, and taking the trail they soon discovered certain signs that would have led a novice to the conclusion that Indians were responsible for the thefts. Among these indications were a number of cattle carrying arrows which had been shot into them, but Taylor, being an old frontiersman and having been schooled in the arts and ruses of Indian and Mexican practices of deception, was not to be deceived by appearances and after closer examination told Flores that Vidal was the man they wanted.

Fortunately, while pursuing the trail and before reaching the Nueces, they came up with "Bigfoot". Wallace, who also had a grievance, and the three pushed forwsd until one evening about sundown they came in sight of the band on the Nueces about twelve miles below Fort Inge. They kept well under cover, and from their place of concealment they saw the Mexicans go into camp not far from the bank of the river while the stolen herd, guarded by one or two of their number, was placed for the night on the open plain which was covered with a rank growth of grass more than knee high.

In relating particulars of that night's tragedy, Mr. Taylor said:

"We were somewhat surprised to see those fellows go into camp, as we expected them to continue on the run through the night, but as this was their first halt, and their stock being exceedingly jaded on account of the long rapid drive, and doubtless feeling themselves beyond the reach of pursuers, these considerations, as we presumed, caused them to relax their usual vigilance and go into camp for the night. We were armed, each with a Colt's revolver and a rifle, and along about 11 o'clock we tied our horses in a little mott about a mile from where the stolen herd was being held, and got the lay of the land. I went around the herd, the horses seemingly too tired to take fright when I approached closely, and I found that there was only one man on duty and he kept moving in a slow walk around the caballada. I next located the camp and by crawling through the high grass I approached near enough to count three sleeping forms that lay near each other on blankets. There was no moon, but the starlight enabled me to distinguish objects close at hand. With drawing from this camp, I returned to the boys and we agreed upon our plan of attack. Flores was to look after the man on herd. He was to wait and give us ample time to reach the camp and get into position, then he was to slip up on the herder and shoot him, and his rifle shot was to be the signal for our onset. By this time the night was far spent and it was getting toward dawn when Wallace and I crawled noiselessly through the grass and took our position within thirty feet of the sleeping Mexicans, and it seemed quite awhile we had to wait for Flores' signal, but finally a shot, followed by a yell,rang out clear and sharp on the morning air. The three sleepers instantly sprang to their feet, and on the same instant our rifles blazed. Two of them fell, the third broke away, but drawing our pistols we opened fire on him and before he had gone fifty feet he was likewise tumbled over. The scrimmage was all over in a minute. Flores' gun had made a longfire, and he only succeeded in wounding his man, as we afterward learned from the trail of blood he left on the high grass. The man escaped,

"After daylight, and while examining the bodies of the three men, our gratification was indeed great when we identified the body of the small Mexican as being that of Vidal. Long since a price had been set upon his head by the people in and around San Antonio, but we cared little for the reward offered.

"In the captured herd were a number of partly domesticated mustangs, broke to the herd and and range, but had never felt the pressure of a rope or halter since the day they were branded. "Bigfoot" Wallace was one of the most eccentric daredevils that ever lived on the frontier, and a vein of humor threaded all his eccentricities. At his suggestion we roped a fine, large mustang, the wildest in the herd, threw him down, and selecting the strongest saddle from among the spoils, we fixed it securely on this mustang's back. We cut off Vidal's head, mounted the headless trunk in a natural, upright position in the saddle, where we fastened it securely with ropes and thongs taken from the other captured saddles. We next bound his hat firmly on his head and hung it, his head, to the horn of the saddle by passing the pommel

string through the hat strap that passed under the wearer's jaws and chin. We also tied his hands to the pommel of the saddle, and when thus rigged out, he presented the appearance of a horseman, who, instead of wearing his head where it ought to be worn, had it slung to the horn of his saddle and allowed it to rest against his thigh.

"When we had worked out every detail, and made the body absolutely secure in its position in the saddle, we turned the mustang loose, and stood aside to witness a series of wild-horse activities seldom if ever surpassed anywhere or at any time in the wilds of Southwest Texas. That mustang seemed to realize the nature and quality of his burden, and finally, when he found that he could not get rid of his uncanny rider, he broke away with accelerating speed and when we saw him last he looked like a vanishing speck on the distant horizon.

"I heard afterwards, in fact Wallace was my informant, that soldiers at Fort Inge were greatly wrought up on seeing a man without a head, mounted on a superb stallion galloping around the country, scaring the life out of the Indians and Mexicans, and frightening scouts and the few settlers out of their wits, and that they finally killed the horse by laying in wait at a watering place and shooting him. It was further stated that upon close examination the Mexican's dried up carcass was found to be perforater with rifle balls fired evidently by scouts and hunters who doubtless believed they were shooting at a ghost. There is no telling how long that corpse would have held out, if it had been left alone on that horse, As you know, a Mexican's chief diet is garlic and chile pepper and in the course of time their flesh becomes so thoroughly charged with the essence of the fiery condiments that neither wolf nor buzzard will touch one of their bodies after death. And moreover, the dryness of the climate,is such to prevent decomposition and a dead body left undisturbed out in the open air will dry up and become as a mummy."

This in substance, is the story related by Captain Creed Taylor some twenty years ago. This old veteran came to Texas with his father, Joseph Taylor, in 1820. He fought at Gonzales, October 2, 1835, at Canceptlon with Bowie, at San Antonio under Ben Milam, at San Jacinto, and later under Jack Hayes at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista. He died at a great age, at his ranch home in Kimble county, Texas. December 29, 1906. He was not given to boasting or exaggeration; he was not a reading man, in truth, he was illiterate, and when asked if he knew that Captain Mayne Reid had written a novel based upon the fact concerning the story he had just related, he declared that he had never heard of Reid's novel, but that he remembered Rid, one of the regulars who was stationed at Fort Inge, but had no acquaintance with him, and never knew he had written a book of any kind.

WANTED—"Life of Big Foot Wallace," by Duval; "Fruits and Flowers from the Wilderness," by Rev. Z. N. Morrel; "Indian Fighters of Texas," by Sowell. Write Frontier Times, stating price.

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FOR SALE—A few remaining copies "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," by Ex-Sergeant J. B. Gillett. Price $2.50 postpaid. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Fannin County' First Court House.

A pile of venerable logs on the courthouse square in Bonham, sole remains of the first Fannin County courthouse, have given the residents there at once a problem and a tinge of retrospection.

Eighty-five years ago these oak timbers were hewn from the forest and became then a part of the county's chief meeting house at Old Warren, 15 miles northwest of here. Scarred and wounded from the struggle with time, they have nevertheless well withstood the attacks of the elements. The old building lost its roof in its last battle with a storm and now, after 15 years of desuetude, the relic has been taken apart and transported to Bonham to be re-erected. The logs were piled on the courthouse square, awaiting decision as to their disposition.

The structure was erected at Old Warren in 1839. Since then it has been moved twice, first just after the officials decided it had outlived its usefulness, when it was converted into a dwelling, and again recently. The first move was a mile and a half from its original site and there it was used as a house until a storm unroofed it.

The old building had its beginning during the era of the Republic of Texas. It has flown three of the six flags of Texas.

The specifications as found in an old record book of April 9, 1839, and agreed upon by the county officials, provided the building was to be built of oak or cedar log body, 18 by 24: one and one-half stories high; the lower floor to be of rough plank, the upper floor to be dressed wood. A wooden chimney was provided for, and there were two doors and four windows, with one flight of steps to the second story.

The furnishings were to include a judge's bench, with sufficient room for meetings of the commissioners' court, four benches eight feet long, with backs, and a clerk's table. The builder is said to have been named Dugan. His great granddaughter resides in Bonham.

It was abandoned as the county seat in 1842, when the county officials moved their offices to Bois D'Arc. Records reveal that court was held in Bonham first in 1844.

The first officials of Fannin County were: John G. Jonett, chief justice: James R. O'Neal, president of the board; Joseph Swaggarty and Thomas Lindsey. Among the items of business to come first before the court soon after the plans for the new courthouse were completed, was the fixing of bounties of wolf and panther hides. The county agreed to pay the hunters of the neighborhood $1 for the larger animals and 50 cents for the smaller.

The old courthouse probably will be re-erected in Simpson City Park, which was named in honor of one of the founders of the city, and it has been suggested that the old relic be turned over to the Boy Scouts for safekeeping.

Pat Dolan Writes.

Pat Dolan, well known Texas Ranger, writes from El Paso to Frontier Times, and says: "I read 'Heel Fly Time in Texas' with a great deal of interest as I lived in San Antonio in those days. Later I was connected with the Rangers for some time—1874 to 1879 and became acquainted with quite a number of magnificent men of the service of those days, Dan Roberts. Neal Coldwell, Neck Reynolds, Jim Gillett, Charley Fussellman, and numberless others, and I am in a position to say that a better set of men never trod the soil of Texas."

In Rock Island County, Illinois, where the Indian took his last stand east of the Mississippi, a memorial park is established. The park will cover part of the scene of the Black Hawk wars.

Every native American Indian in this country becomes a citizen of the United States, under the new Indian citizenship act recently signed by the President. The granting of citizenship does not remove the restrictions of Indian lands under government guardianship, the Supreme Court having held that wardship is not inconsistent with citizenship.

"THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, under diretion of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Two volumes, 500 pages each. Price $3.00 per single volume, or $5.00 for the two volumes. Postpaid. Send all orders to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

Waco, Before War Times.

Nannie Maddin Fort

Shooting scrapes were as frequent as auto accidents are now, and judged with greater leniency. Highwaymen held sway with less fear than does the present offender of traffic signals. Legal hangings were then unknown, but there were illegal ones a plenty. Hangman's Tree from which three men were hung in one night, until recently continued to shade the corner of Sixth Street and Herring Avenue. It was an honored tree of trees, the supreme court, judge, jury and all in those days. Its sentence was never appealed. Not only one's actions, but one's words were necessarily guarded, or the offender might pay in eternal silence.

It is told that a sprightly Chicago reporter named Rowe, visitor, whose job was repetition, learned a valuable lesson from frontier Waco. He heard of a man who, after riding in a stage to his destination, held up the driver of the stage for his fare. This he wrote up in city style. One morning the offender appeared before the editor in argument. The editor assured him no names had been mentioned and if he would keep quiet the public would never know, nor did the holdup man know that behind a door stood several all friends of the editor, guns cocked, ready to do a little holdup business themselves if necessary. Several old relics of pioneer construction still remind strangers that even in those wild lawless days men and women of taste and refinement planned homes and adorned them. My grand-father, Major William Wood Downs, entered Waco when Indian wigwams decked what is now Waco's square, upon which a visiting woman, from a window viewed the bodies of three horse thieves hanging from trees. He bought land for many miles along the Brazos shore. His seven sons, his five daughters and their mother, a bride at fifteen, fought, sewed and labored in The Cause. Reaching Texas several months previous to his family's arrival, he built a log cabin where they resided until the still standing two-story frame home of hospitality was finished. In it,later, weary, ill, hard up young Westbound venturers found home, welcome, food and friendly aid and counsel. That was the pioneer spirit.

This house boasts the first brick chimney ever built in Waco. Waco consisted of a square and about four streets. It was the home of the Earles, Gurleys, Harrisons, Forts, Downs, Wilsons and Taylors. Most of whom traveled together from Alabama to Texas in ox drawn wagons, followed by innumerable slaves. My mother's diary states they made a sort of procession several miles in length, and they were about a month en route, only she did not say "en route".

Major Downs established a grocery, became a land holder of no little means and a man of importance in the community. His son J. W. Downs, was editor of The Waco Examiner, a pioneer paper. Waco boasts several landmarks illustrative of the refinement, culture and good taste of pioneer women, the Harrison mansion with its Greek columns, the substantial brick Earle home, and others. The Fort home, built in 1867, shows no signs of decay, though recent owners take pay for a hospitality once so freely distributed. Time flies. Age will not be stayed. The wild Indian village, with its hangmen's tree and bloodthirsty life, is now a thriving, busy city of nearly sixty thousand people. Life here is not what it used to be, and I, for one, prefer the calm peacfulness and quietude of former days, when friends visited each other instead of gossiping over a phone.

Subscriptions Will Expire.

This is No. 11. Next month's number of Frontier Times completes volume one. If your subscription began with No.1, it will expire with next number. Renewals are in order. Don't miss a single copy.

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We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

American Flag Saved Santa Anna from Harm.

E. L. Shettles in Houston Chronicle, 1912.

Major John R. Kenly, of the Maryland Volunteers, in his "Memoirs of the Mexican War," relates a very interesting incident, yet very embarrassing to one of the parties—Santa Anna.

The government of the United States instructed Commodore Connor, in charge of the blockade squadron at the beginning of the war between the United States and Mexico, to allow Santa Anna, who was then in exile and living in Havana, to pass into his country in case he made an effort to do so. Our government no doubt, expected him to use his influence for peace in case he returned to Mexico. Through his friends, and on account of the unsettled condition and the unpopularity of the ruling party, he soon had the way open to return. He became very patriotic, and was very anxious for the restoration of the constitution of 1824, the destroying of which by him led to the Texas revolution. Major Kenly thinks Santa Anna was loyal and perfectly true to his country throughout the war, but many of the Mexican people were suspicious of him, and when he lost the war he was forced to leave Mexico. I am going to let Major Kenly tell the reader this bit of interesting history:

"Some time in January, 1848, Santa Anna made application to the Queretaro government for permission to leave Mexico. After some delay passports were granted, and, having opened correspondence with Colonel Hughes through two of his friends in Jalapa, he informed the colonel he intended to take up his residence at an estate belonging to him called Encerro, near Jalapa. There he expected to remain until a vessel was ready to receive him at Antigua, when he would sail for foreign parts. He desired to know if Colonel Hughes would give a safeguard. Hughes replied that he would receive his excellency with all honors and furnish him with the necessary safeguard and escort when he wished to leave the country.

"At 8 o'clock on the morning of March 28, Colonel Hughes and staff left the main plaza with the intended escort for Santa Anna of three companies of mounted men, which I had the honor to command. We marched on the Perote road six miles to the village of San Miguel, and halted at the residence of General Durand, who had command of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa at the time of its surrender to Scott. The General had a collation prepared for us of bananas, oranges, frijoles, cheese, wine, etc., which we heartily enjoyed. After lunch our videttes announced the approach of the distinguished Mexican leader. My command was formed to receive him. The first of the cavalcade was a small body of well equipped and well appointed lancers; next followed the general's carriage, drawn by eight mules; close behind another company of lancers followed. As the carriage was nearly up to my right I gave the command, 'Present sabers,' saluting at the same time. The general, who was sitting on the rear seat, arose and returned the salute, and I noticed sitting by his side his wife, 'the flower of Mexico.' The carriage halted at General Durand's house and the ex-president, his wife and daughter alighted. We were presented formally, and I had an opportunity of looking at this extraordinary man.

"General Santa Anna is a little over middle height in stature, rather stout, with a quiet, sedate air, and countenance expressive of great firmness. It was now shaded with that cast which trouble and sorrow always give. He was dressed in a dark olive suit, the coat being large and long, like what we call a surtout, with large brass buttons. When he received me he was standing up, with his cork leg extended slightly out from his body, and his left side he was supporting with a cane. I begged him to be seated, but he declined, saying that, although he was lame he was not fatigued, as he was accustomed to standing. I told him that to a soldier the honor of losing a leg in battle compensated for the inconvenience occasioned by its loss. He seemed pleased with the remark, and I stepped aside to permit others to be presented. I sat down by the daughter, who is a child of his first wife, and looked with interest at his present wife, of whom I had heard so much. I judged her to be about 18 or 20 years old, medium height, a beautiful figure, and with as lovely a face as I had ever seen—nothing at all Mexican in it, entirely Anglo-Saxon, fair skin, hazel eyes, dark hair, sweet mouth, and a set of teeth rivaling ivory in beauty. I readily

understood why she was called 'the flower of Mexico.' Her manner was ladylike and pleasing, but as cool as if she were dining in the president's house at Mexico surrounded by the bodyguard of her husband. How different the demeanor and conduct of the daughter, a girl about 14 years of age! Her features were literally pinched sharp with the most evident anxiety and trouble, her manner so nervous and uneasy that I pitied her very much. I asked her if she had ever studied the English language. She replied no; that she was 'siempre caminado'—that is, always on the move of traveling. It is difficult to give the full force of this sentence, accompanied as it was by a look of much sadness. Knowing as I did that her father had been hunted for months, narrowly escaping with his life, I could not doubt that she had been 'siempre caminado.' Dinner was announced at 2:30 o'clock p. m., and we sat down. Madame Santa Anna sat at the head of the table, the general on her right, with Colonel Hughes on her left. After dinner the general asked me if I would smoke, at the same time handing me a case containing about a dozen cigars. I declined receiving them, when he inquired if I did not smoke. I replied that I did. He then asked me why I did not take one, to which I replied that they were all such great smokers at my end of the table if they once got hold of the case he would never see his cigars again. He laughed very heartily and made me take them. They were subsequently distributed except two, which I kept for my father and subsequently sent home to him.

I was getting uneasy; a few days before this there had arrived a regiment of Texas Rangers, who were encamped between San Miguel and Jalapa, on both sides of the main road along which we had to pass. I was well acquainted with the commander, Colonel Jack Hays, a famous partisan with whom I had served at Monterey and on the Rio Grande. Having heard that threats were made that Santa Anna should not pass alive through their camp. I had spoken to Colonel Hays on the subject. He told me he thought there was no danger, but I was not satisfied, and now among the crowd which thronged at the door of the dining room I noticed Colonel Hays. I arose and approached the colonel, who was dressed as usual, with a round jacket Mexican hat, and no badge of rank other than a silk sash tied around his waist after the fashion of the Mexicans. I said to him, 'Suppose you let me present you to General Santa Anna.' He said, 'Well,' and we walked toward the head of the table. As we approached him there was a general suspension of conversation. A movement of alarm was perceptible among the Mexican officers of the escort, and a silence, very painful to me, pervaded the hall. Santa Anna as yet was eating fruit. I said, 'General, permit me to present to you'—when I had got thus far, he turned his face toward us and was in the act of rising—'Colonel Jack Hays.' When I pronounced this name his whole appearance and demeanor changed. Had a loaded bombshell, with fuse burning and sputtering, fallen on that dinner table, a greater sensation would not have been caused. The Mexican officers arose from their seats, standing and motionless, looking at me. Mrs. Santa Anna turned very pale; the general resumed eating fruit, with his gaze on the table. Colonel Hays, gentleman as he was, bowed politely and withdrew from the room. Although immediately after his withdrawal the Mexicans surmised what had been my object, and, headed by the general, came pleasantly toward me and said that they were ready to march. I had time to speak to Hays, and then mounted. Placing a company on either side of the carriage (which was resisted by the Mexican escort commander until I made him give way) with Sergeant David G. Murray of Tilgham's battery and Sergeant William U Stewart of the Twigg's Rifles, each carrying a United States flag and riding at the head of each company, opposite the carriage doors,I gave the command, 'Trot, march!' and we started at a swinging gait to Jalapa. The escort of Mexicans was next, the carriage and my remaining company closed the column. As we approached the camp of the Texans they were seen on the stone fences on either side which separated their camp from the road. There were several hundred of them, and apparently as quiet as if at a camp meeting listening to a ser n. With the members of one of these companies I was on very friendly terms, as they had served with me, and, knowing this, I galloped to the head of the column, placing myself in the middle of the road just in front of the leading mules' heads. The Mexicans had now taken the alarm and pressed forward; the drivers, there

were two of them, whistled and cried their 'upas', 'upas,' vociferously, the mules took the alarm, and away we came at killing pace. We were now among the Texans; not a sound to be heard; not a motion perceptible; there they were in all manner of postures on and about the stone fences. At this moment I saw coming toward us a mounted Texan, riding in the middle of the road. I made right at him, struck the right side of his horse's head with the flat of my saber; he swerved, and we passed horse and rider before either, I am sure, was aware of what was the matter There was no time for exclamation or explanation; we were going at full speed, and I drew one long breath when I saw the steeples of Jalapa. The Texans had behaved with great propriety, the well disposed among them checking even an utterance of what have been deemed disrespect to the one under the safeguard and honor of the flag.

Another instance that shows the chivalry of this "Famous Regiment of Texans" is related by the same writer. Just before the granting of the passports to Santa Anna he was pressed so hard by Colonel Hays in a fight that he lost everything he had in his flight. All of his personal effects, carriage, writing desk, money chest with the wardrobe of his wife. Colonel Hays, without disturbing a single article of the lady's apparel returned the whole of it by some Mexicans to Mrs. Santa Anna.

San Saba county has organized an Old Settlers' Association, to meet at the time the San Saba county fair is held. Citizens of the county over forty years old are eligible to membership. Settlers who have lived in that county more than sixty years are given all honors. Every frontier county in the state should have an organization of this kind. Not only does it provide pleasure and enjoyment for the aged citizens, but in their coming together much good local history is rescued and preserved for future generations. A historian should be appointed by each association to gather data and local traditions for publication in the county papers and state historical journals.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine.

LET'S ALL GO TO MENARD.

Written by P. C. Baird, 900 E. Hattie St., Fort Worth, Texas.

I'm saddlin' my old paint hoss,
Got my blankets on the packmule tight,
I'll trail out through the mesquites—
I'm off for Menard all right;
Where the old Rangers wil gather
From the Rio Grande an' miles aroun',
I'll meet and greet the old boys,
There in that quaint Menard town.

There'll be joy and hand-shakin'
When the Rangrs meet by the score;
It'll be a gatherin' of the old boys—
How could they wish for more?
There'll be boys I've scouted with
On the Rio Grande, in days of long ago,
When the country was wild and open,
And we Rangers had an equal show.

Now look for the old paint hoss, Rangers,
I'm hittin' the trail this very day—
And meet me in Menard town,
Where the Rangers will have full sway.
There put your feet in the old Rangers' dance,
And spin the ladies, just so—
"Balance, Ranger boys! Alaman left!
Then swing 'em! Do-se-do!"

I've done saddled my old paint hoss,
And got my saddle cinched about right;
I'm brushin' up my old greasy Stetson,
To hit the trail while the moon shines bright.
We'll put off ridin' and cuttin' for sign,
And point our hosses to a town
On the banks of the old San Saba,
To meet Cap'n Roberts—we're all Menard bound!

LET'S GO!
August 13, 14, 15, 1924.

The pioneer fathers were the first manufacturers in America. They made leather, sugar, malt, potash and soap. They were the first to press oil from seeds, the first to use dye for coloring their homespun, and the first to use the process of salting, smoking and drying for preserving food. Our present industries have grown out of pioneer methods.

Send us a club of four subscribers and $6.00 to pay for the four, and we'll send Frontier Times to you for one year, free.

The Captivity of Mrs. Charles Wattenbach.

By Leonard Passmore

Interesting, indeed, is the story of the captivity by Indians of Mrs. Charles Watenbach of Mason, Texas. Without any attempt at embellishment, we shall let her tell it in her own words, as she told it to us on Saturday, Feburary 23rd, 1912, at which time we visited her and requester her to relate her thrilling experiences that we might put the same in writing for coming generations to read. At first she hesitated, saying that she could not speak English sufficiently well; but this timidity soon disappeared and the good old woman told the following story in such a pathetic manner that it would be impossible for us to ever forget it:

My father's name was Peter Metzger. He came from Nasseau, Germany, in an early day, and settled on Palo Alto creek in Gillespie county. The situation was a beautiful one, and vividly do I remember the scenes of my childhood home. Our cottage was an humble one, as were all in those days; but within it was happiness and contentment. Plainly today do I, in fancy, hear the buzz of my mother's spinning-wheel, the sound of my father's axe, and the tinkling of chains that were fastened to the wooden yokes of the oxen.

Thinking that he could better his condition, and with a desire to be nearer his fellow-countrymen at Fredericksburg, my father at a later date moved to a place on the divide between Palo Alto and Fredericksburg. The place selected was about midway between the two settlements. This was some time in the 60's—just about the time of the beginning of the Civil War. The times were hard and in order to help in the way of a living my older sisters sometimes hired out as household servants. Katy had been staying for a long time at a place near Hilda, in Mason county. After coming home, she was employed at the Nimitz Hotel in Fredericksburg. This was in 1864, if I remember correctly.

One day my other sister, Emma, and myself were told by my mother to go to Fredericksburg and deliver a certain message to Katy. It was winter time and the ground was covered with snow. The distance was not very far, and we were both healthy and full of youthful vim, and the trip we considered as one more of pleasure than labor. I was eleven years of age and my sister was several years older. Little we dreamed of danger over the snow.

On reaching Fredericksburg, we delivered our mother's message to Katy, then lingered, as young people with our friends in town—having met several—until the sun was getting low in the western horizon. By the time we started it was perhaps six o'clock or later. On the way we met Charlie Wattenbach, my future husband, and in some way, at that tender age, I felt inclined to speak a few words to him. Little did I dream at that time of many vicissitudes of life that we would pass through together. A few words were spoken and we passed on.

When we had gone about two miles from town we discovered a body of men in the road ahead of us. They were on a little hill that we had just begun to accend. We thought them to be rangers going to Fort Martin Scott. They were mounted and were coming toward us. When within a few feet of us we discovered them to be Indians, but there was no way of escape. Of course we began to run, but it did no good; for we were soon in the clutches of the cruel savages. I was caught, jerked around by the hair, and put upon a horse. To prevent my jumping off, I was securely tied with a lariat.

My sister was stronger than I, and succeeded in getting loose from her captors several times. Three times she jumped from the horse upon which she had been placed. She declared that she would not go with the Indians. The last time she leaped from the horse she fell upon her knees and began to pray. While thus engaged the Indians pierced her with arrows and she fell upon the turf, moaned, and expired. The Indians then scalped her, deprived her of her clothing, multilated her body in other ways and left her lying upon the cold snow. This was her condition when found and taken up by her parents, and friends of the neighborhood. This terrible butchery was done right in my presence. I saw my sister's ghastly look as she fell to the ground. It was one of horror mixed with pleading. That look I shall never forget. Indellibly was it pressed upon my memory, and I can plainly see it today.

As for myself, I did not know what was to become of me. With my cruel

captors I rode on in the darkness, for the sun had now set, until at last the Indians made a halt. It was their intention, I soon discovered, to camp for the night. This was near what is called "Krenz Berg" a mountain near Fredericksburg. Here the savages partook of their meager supply of food, muttered among themselves, made gestures, and apparently because I did not understand, took turns in beating me with their quirts. I cried till my eyes were swollen; but the more I wept the more I was beaten. My hair was jerked so that I thought none of it would remain. The ordeal was something terrible.

After the savages had amused themselves to their heart's content by torturing me, a party left camp for a purpose I did not then understand. Only a few remained with me, but no chance was given for escape. How I longed to be free no one but myself and an allwise Deity will ever know. By this time I was suffering intensely from cold, for I was partly deprived of clothing and my bed was the blanket of snow that covered the earth. It is really a wonder that I survived at all.

At last in the pale moonlight could be seen the swarthy figures of the party that left, returning. They had been out after horses and had succeeded in getting quite a unmber. Among them were horses belonging to my neighbors, some of which I readily recognized.

After some consulation in a chattering dialect that I did not understand, the entire party prepared to leave. I was blindfolded and tied upon one of the ponies. The time of leaving, I supposed to be about midnight. Just what direction we went, I could not say from personal knowledge. All I knew was that we were moving at a pretty rapid pace and that I was suffering intensely from bodily bruises and the effects of the bitter cold, doubly severe from my feverish condition. After I came back from captivity, I was told by Mr. Wattenbach, while seeking my hand in wedlock, just the route the Indians pursued after leaving Kreuz-Berg. He could tell me for he and some others went in pursuit of my captors, following the trail in the snow for some distance. Never being able to come up with the Indians, they had to abandon the pursuit. He said the trail led out toward Pecan creek, crossing Town creek near the well-known Seven Mile crossing. From thence it went on the divide up toward the head of Perdenales river where the town of Harper is now located. The camp the next night was on the Johnson Fork of the Llano.

Nine long, wearisom days we traveled. After the third day the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I found myself on a broad and almost treeless prairie. It looked so different to the country about Fredericksburg! No houses could be seen—nothing but a broad stretch of tall and waving grass. Deer and antelope could be seen in great bunches galloping away from our intrusion upon their quiet solitude. Many recollections of the travel have faded from my memory. Some were too vividly impressed to do so. Among these is the memory of our arrival at the Indian village.

One day after we had crossed a large stream which I afterward learned was the Red River, a party of the Indians went on in advance of the others. As on the night at Kreuz Berg and on many subsequent occasions I could not discern their purpose. At last I saw the party returning in company with some old squaws. Two of them were the wives of the old chief whose name I cannot now recall. Coming near me the squaws eyed me viciously, jerked me from the pony which I was riding and beat me in a most atrocious and unmerciful manner. While this inhuman treatment was going my captors whooped and shouted in a most hilarious manner.

The above named sport being ended, we proceeded on to the village. There were many wigwams around which played little dusky boys and girls, with no clothes on but breechclouts or buffalo skins. Many of these crowded around to get a peep at "The White Devil," as I was called in terms of Indian lingo, while the old squaws unpacked the ponies of all their trappings. This being over, dinner was prepared. The fare was some better than what we had on our travel. It consisted of roasted beef principally, while on our way most of the meat was eaten raw. The whole bill of fare, however, was very disgusting to me. I had eaten scarcely a thing on the entire trip. The dinner, so far as the warriors were concerned seemed to be greatly enjoyed. It appeared to be a kind of formal reception in honor of their long daring raid. All had returned to their squaws without bodily injury—a thing of very unusual occurrence. On most raids some old daring brave was left a

victim to the white man's unwavering aim, or brought back by his comrades

That night preparations were made for a big war dance. I knew by what I could see that I was to be made the victim of much of their cruel sport. The young men and maidens and all the little naked urchins prepared themselves with quirts, lariats, hair ropes and the like and began to congregate in somewhat of a circle. Finally the rude instruments of music were brought and the warriors stepped out with the scalp and bloody clothes of my sister at which there was a deafening yell from the entire band, old and young.

After some such maneuvering as I have just described, a stake about four feet in length was brought and driven into the ground. Upon the top of this was placed the bloody scalp of my sister Emma. The brown locks that once lay so loose and wavy were now matted together with crimson clots, and presented a most horrible appearance. Around this the warriors danced, shrieked and yelled most hideously, waving the gory garments my sister wore at the time of her tragic death.

While all this was going on the squaws and younger Indians were taking turns in beating me and lacerating my flesh in a manner most distressing. At last my face was painted, a clout of buffalo skin put upon me, and it seemed that I had been formally initiated into the tribe. After this I was taken to the wigwam of the chief, whom we will call Snake-in-the Grass (I have forgotten his true name) and delivered to his two wives, Revanche and Fidello, to whom I was to be a servant. That night I was given a buffalo skin for a bed, and it was gratefully received after so much mistreatment.

The next day I was too weak and sore to do anything, or even remember what occurred. I must have been unconscious from the effects of the ordeal to which I had been subjected the night beforebut as time passed on I became stronger, and was assigned the task of caring for the little naked papooses. Becoming accustomed to the kind of food I was compelled to eat, I did not suffer so much from hunger as at first. Day after day was spent with the children. The older ones chattered to me and made gestures, and I readily learned their language. They asked me what my name was, and I replied Anna Metzger. Not being able to say this they called me Allamot. Afterwards a little princess, a daughter of Snake-in-the-Grass, was named after me, being thereafter called Allamot.

Becoming more accustomed to the ways of the Indians, I was considered competent to do other labor besides caring for the children. Often I was sent with the squaws to bring in game which the braves had killed. I was also given the task, quite often, of skinning the animals killed in the chase, and of afterwards dressing the hides for garments. One of the most menial acts of servitude to which I was subjected was that of carrying wool. The country in which the village was situated was a broad prairie. Some distance off was a little stream upon which a few trees grew. All the wood used had to be brought from this place. The squaws would go with me, strap a lariat around my body and compell me to kneel down. Then the wood was piled upon my back, after which the ends of the lariat were brought up around it and fastened under my arms. The burden, in accordance of an Indian's estimate of what ought to be right, was often more than I could carry. Whenever I fell under it—as I sometimes would do—I was kicked and beaten as unmercifully as if I had been a donkey. Such treatment has caused me to feel very much sympathy for the dumb animals.

It is sometimes said that there are some good Indians, and in a few exceptional cases this is true. Of the two wives of Snake-in-the-Grass, Revanche was the very personification of old Nick himself, but Fidello was kind and gentle, possessing many traits of good white women. Her kindness to me was considered by the other Indians as a vice, and for it she was looked down upon. Then there was a little Indian maiden who was an unswerving friend of mine. We will call her Constantina, though that was not her real name. In all my troubles she showed her devotion, though often at the cost of a severe beating to herself. I shall never forget her words of healing sympathy at times when they were so much needed by me. Many times have I wished that the little dusky maiden could have been, like Pocahontas of old, thrown among the elevating influences of refined white society.

Having so many horses, the Indians were forced to move very often to get new range. After staying several days at one place the grass would be eaten off after which the savages would round up

their entire herd and seek some more favorable locality.

On one occasion when the Indians prepared to move, it was found that three old braves, who had been wounded while on a raid to the white settlements, were unable to travel. Some means had to be devised for their conveyance. Getting two long poles, one end of each was tied to the neck of an old mule, the other ends extending slightly angling out behind, dragging upon the ground. Other poles were placed cross-wise and securely wrapped with lariat, making a trapping somewhat resembling a ladder. Upon this was thrown buffalo skins thus forming a kind of bunk upon which were placed the three disabled warriors, their feet resting firmly upon a cross section somewhat higher than the ones beneath the buffalo hides.

All other preparations being made, we started off, the task of leading the mule being assigned to me. The horses were driven ahead by the warriors, the squaws and papooses followed on foot, each carrying some piece of their meager camp equipments. I came in the rear leading the mule. Behind me I could hear the chattering of the old warriors as they conversed with each other while lazily lounging upon the trapping. All of a sudden the mule became frightened, pulling loose from me, and went snorting and kicking across a little branch which chanced to be near. As he went up the hill on the other side the braves were dumped off and left.

I feared the consequences, but not knowing what to do, I followed on till the squaws were overtaken and told them of the misfortune. After boxing me about considerably for my carelessness, two of them started back with me. We first went to where the warriors were dumped and they looked vengeance at me but I kept out of their reach. I was told to follow on after the mule and to bring it back. Fortunately I had no trouble in catching it, for it became weary of its burden and seemed to be docile. It was some time, however, before I got to the squaws, owing to the stubbornness of the mule in leading. When I did, the warriors were again placed upon their slanting couch, and we continued on our way. The offence was considered sufficiently grave to merit a severe and protracted beating from the warriors. This I got after we stopped to camp. I noticed afterwards, though, that there was some hilarity in camp at the expense of the old men that fell off. This was not allowed by Snake-in-the-grass to be indulged in to any great extent, for among his many vices was the virtue of kindness to the aged.

The grass at the new camping place was far better than it was at the place from which we moved. I was sometimes put to watching the horses. The days grew warm, the dry grass began to show the color of health, little flowers peeped up in the midst, and I knew it to be spring. I sometimes gathered my hands full of the flowers and dreamed of a gentler life in sunny Texas. I was then in Kansas or what is now Oklahoma. As the soft winds sighed I realized a most intense longing to return home, for they seemed to bear me the message of my mother's prayers and tears. Sometimes I thought of running away, but what could I have done on such an extensive prairie? Spring days came without any change in my daily routine of labor and suffering. Many little incidents could be recorded,but they would be but a repetition of savage cruelty on the one hand and suffering on the other. One day I was allowed to go with the Indians to a trading post. The business was run by a Maj. Floor, who seeing that I was a white child offered to buy me from my captors. The warriors at first consented and my ransom price was agreed upon. The squaws, however, came in with a protest. They said I was of much value in caring for the papooses, and that they therefore, did not wish to part with me Maj. Floors kept insisting. I understood the conversation and kept looking at him with pleading eyes. His whole heart seemed to melt in pity for me. His wife also came and pleaded for my release, making little additional offers to the price first suggested. Everything was met with obstinate refusal on the part of the squaws, and the warriors gave way to female whims.

That night we camped about a half mile from the store. A large canvas tent was stretched in a circular form much on the style of those used by managers of puppet shows at reunions and the like. After super Maj. Floor and his wife came down to the tent and talked further with the Indians concerning my release, but their importunities were again without avail After they left I began crying and Snake-in-the-grass asked me if I wanted to go home. I replied that I did. Get-

ting a lariat he lashed me very severely with the double of it and again asked me the same question. This time I said no. Had I not said so, there is no telling where his cruelty would have ended.

It was late that night when the savages retired. Soon all were in a deep slumber. It was then that I fully resolved to run away. I thought that if I could get to Maj. Floor and his good wife they would protect me and keep me concealed till the Indians were gone. Getting up, I softly crept to the edge of the tent, scratched out a hole under the edge of the canvas and crawled out. Everything seemed so deathly still; I almost relented my effort to escape, for I was overcome with fear. The cold stars seemed to look down with disdain, and the night wind seemed to say "Do not go," but my lacerated flesh, then quivering from the effects of the cruel lash administered so shortly before, filled me with determination and defiance, and I pressed onward. I knew the way back to the store and it was not long till it was reached. Then a horrible thought presented itself tomy mind. Maj. Floor had many negroes employed and I was afraid if I hailed I would be met by one of the darkies. The more I pondered, the more fearful I became. At last I determined to pass beyond the post and wait for daylight. This I did, staying on the opposite of an old field. When daylight appeared I could not muster up the courage to go to the house. I was afraid of being followed by my captors, and I knew an awful fate awaited me if I again became a victim of their cruel clutches. In the afternoon not being able to see any savages in sight, I ventured up to a little gate in the fence that enclosed the post, and entered in. To my surprise and great terror I saw a number of the Indians sitting on the gallery, and I discovered further that they had seen me. To make my escape was impossible. Maj. Floor was sitting on the gallery, also, talking with the Indians He arose, came out to meet me and told me not to be afraid. Taking me by the hand he led me right through the savages, on through the store and up stairs to where his wife was. She received me very cordially, and further assured me that the Indians would not be allowed to get me any more. But I was greatly afraid They had looked viciously at me as Maj. Floor led me along and I did not know what they might attempt to do.

Going back down stairs, Maj. Floor pacified the Indians, who by this time became furious, by giving them a fine, costly Navajo blanket and twenty-five dollars in money. They then left. I stayed in the house all the time, being afraid to get away from it for anything for fear of being recaptured. The next day old Revanche and some other squaws came and demanded the beads that were around my neck. I gave them up without hesitation and they left. Three days afterwards they returned and asked to see me but were told by Maj. Floor that I was gone. They then seemed to give up and did not come around any more.

Eight days later a white man came and enquired about a white captive which he said he had heard was purchased from the Indians by Maj. Floor. This man was dressed in soldiers' uniform. He said he desired to return me to my parents. Maj. Floor being well acquainted with Indian strategy, at once suspected this man to be an emmisary sent by the savages for the purpose of decoying me back to captivity. No doubt the Major judged rightly. He asked the stranger where I had been captured. He was told that it was somewhere near San Antonio. Major Floor then asked me where I had been captured. I told him on Palo Alto creek near Fredericksburg. This being no great distance from San Antonio, it began to look reasonable that the stranger was telling the truth. On being further asked if he could show papers to substantiate his claims the stranger said he could not. He was then told to leave. He hesitated and Maj. Floor said if the man did not leave at once he would put a bull-dog after him. When this was said the stranger ran across the yard and climbed the fence. He disappeared and did not come back again.

After this I stayed two months at the home of Maj. Floor, during which time he gave notice in an American paper that a white child giving her name as Annie Metzger, was in his possession, having been purchased by him from the Indians. Someone reading the notice informed my parents. They were delighted and began at once to devise a plan for my return home. My brother Joe Metzger, William Mertz, Jacob Leindecker and Jim Schmidt prepared to make the journey on horseback and determine the truth of the report.

While this was occurring, Major Floor planned a visit to some of his people

this side of Red River. I was taken along. The family visited was named Spoon. The oddity of the name enabled me to remember it. We stayed there fifteen days during which time a German man named Louis Stoeffens (this name may not be spelled correctly) came to see me. After some consultation with Maj. Floor it was decided that I should go with this German to his home. This same man now has an interest in a bank at Brownwood. I stayed at the home of Mr. Stoeffens fifteen days, at the end of which time a party rode up and enquired for me. It was my brother and the party before mentioned.

During all this time I had not changed my Indian garb, Maj. Floor being anxious for my parents to see me just as I was when taken from my captors. My hair was cut short and my face painted Indian fashion.

My brother said he would get a carriage and hitch two of the horses to it, but I objected. I said I could go back the way I left. So mounting a pony behind my brother we all started. For seven days we rode.sometimes riding till late in the night. I had forgotten my language to a great extent, understanding what my brother and his companions said, but in some way I could not speak the German words. I made myself understood by means of gestures. In this I had become very proficient. This greatly amused my escorts, especially around the campfires at night.

At last the hills began to look natural to me. In the distance I could see Kreuz Berg like a lonely sentinel, and I knew we were nearing home. Suddenly my brother and his companions stopped and fired a volley of shots from their pistols. At first I did not know what it meant. My brother seeing my bewilderment explained it all to me. He said that he had promised our mother on leaving home that if his trip was a success, he and his companions would fire signal guns on his return. It was in keeping this promise that the guns were fired. This was Sunday evening in the month of November, 1865. The sun shone clear and bright and in all it was a beautiful day. I shall never forget it.

We started on and just a little before sunset our familiar old cottage appeared in view. My heart leaped with joy. Then to my unexpressible delight I saw my mother coming to meet us. She knew by the signal guns that all was well, but seeing my painted face and Indian garb she threw up her hands in horror. She could hardly believe me to be her long lost child. The meeting was a mixture of laughter and sobs. Other people crowded around us. Many of them I knew. They were the people of our neighborhood, who understanding the meaning of the signal guns had come to greet me on my return.

Many were the questions asked me that night about my capture and treatment while with the Indians, but I could not answer them readily, being unaccustomed to my mother tongue. For nine months I had heard nothing but the Indian dialect. It was some time before I got so I could converse well in German. When I again became accustomed to speak the language of my childhood, I told my parents all about the murder of my sister—in fact this whole story as I am telling it to you—and said I could go to the exact place where my sister's slippers had been left. A party went with me, I pointed out the place and the slippers were found. Also the bells from the horses that had been stolen the night I was taken captive.

Such is the story of my captivity. Many, many, other things connected with a life of captivity could be told, but this is enough. I have given you the straightforward narrative as I remember it today, nearly fifty years after the occurrence of the events. As I said at another part of the story, many things have faded from my memory. Enough has been given to show you the terrible horrors among the Indians. Well may we be thankful that we are living in an age when the savage is conquered, when the moon no longer looks down upon his stealthy tread, and the hills do not echo his treacherous yell.

Mrs. Wattenbach seemed quite overcome several times while relating this story with the sorrows that the vividness of her memory brought forth , and she would wring her feeble hands and sigh. After the story was told, the good old woman went through a weird performance to give me an idea of the Indian war dance. She did not say what tribe it was that captured her, but from the route taken by the Indians, according to the statement of Mr. Wattenbach who, as we stated before, followed the trail some distance, we infer it to have been the Kiowas.

When Ben Thompson Killed His First Man.

By James Hatch, San Antonio.

I believe some men have been sent into this world to carry out the plan of a wise Creator, for there never exists any great crisis but a capable leader is forthcoming. When Austin, our state capital, was the most corrupt city in the United States, and overran with every class of crooks, lawyers and gamblers, and headquarters of the worst type of desperadoes that ever disgraced the state, and our rangers seemed helpless to improve the existing conditions, a single man stepped forth to bring law and order out of chaos. That man was Ben Thompson. Desperate occasions require desperate remedies and when Thompson essayed to take the situation in hand he realized that he must put himself up as a target for the gunmen of that city and invite them to try their skill on him as a living target; and some were foolhardy enough to accept the invitation.

In the early seventies Ben Thompson was employed as a typesetter in the office of the New Orleans Picayune. He was just a young printer then, starting out on a career that later brought him into prominence as one of the bravest and most desperate characters that cast his lot in Texas—and found his grave in the Lone Star State. At that time New Orleans could boast nothing better than mule cars for the transportation of passengers. Ben Thompson rode the street cars from his boarding place to the Picayune office where he worked. On one of these trips he noticed a young girl passenger being annoyed by a French dandy, and it so aroused his ire that when the Frenchman caught the girl in his arms and kissed her despite her protestations, and when she had struggled free from his unwelcome embrace, Thompson promptly knocked the Frenchman down, not only once, but several times, and while the fight was in progress the driver stopped the car, and the Frenchman got off. The passengers, commending Thompson for defending the girl against the attack of the Frenchman, warned him to be on his guard in the future and informed him that Frenchman was the most noted duelist in Louisiana, who had killed more than a dozen men with sword and pistol, and predicted a whole lot of trouble for the young printer. Sure enough, before much time had elapsed, Thompson received a challenge from the Frenchman, and when he informed his friends in the Picayune office of the circumstances they all agreed that though his adversary was an especially dangerous antagonist the honor of the representatives of the press rested on the prosecution of the challenge. In a very short time all of the printers in New Orleans had congregated at the Picayune office, a second was selected, and as Thompson was the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons. There was an ice house nearby, which was selected as a place where the duel should be fought in the pitch darkness of this ice house, and the weapons to be used would be the ten-inch frontier Bowie knives. The combatants were to be led to the door of the ice house, blind-folded, and shoved in, one going to the right and the other to the left. After the door was closed they were to search for each other, and when all was over the survivor was to find the door and rap on it to be let out. A swift and sure plan of spiriting Ben Thompson away in the event of his being the victor was devised to prevent him from being lynched by the Frenchman's friends.

At one time this Frenchman killed a couple of Greek boatmen who had engaged in a sword fight with him, and naturally all of the Greeks along the river front hated him. Several of the most influential of these Greek boatmen were summoned to the printers' gathering, and they entered heartily into all of the plans and arrangements for the duel in the ice house, promising their support in the event of an attack by the Frenchman's friends and agreeing to place Thompson safely aboard a steamship, where he had the choice of going to Havana, Cuba, of to Indianola, Texas. The printers knew they could rely on the Greeks to carry out the plans, and accordingly a second was sent to arrange the terms of combat. The Frenchman shuddered at these terms, and would have backed down and out of it had not his reputation as a man killer been at stake. Eight o'clock the next morning was the time set for the duel to take place. Ben Thompson, with his printer friends, was on hand. The Greek ele-

ment, too, was there in force, but by prearrangement they were stationed between the printers and the river. The Frenchman soon arrived, accompanied by a multitude of friends and sympathizers, and it was decided to hold the mob back from near the ice house so that if Thompson survived the battle he would not fall a victim to those who would clamor for his blood. Three printers led Ben Thompson, blind-folded, forward, while three of the Frenchman's friends led him to the door of the ice house, and each man was pushed in. Almost an hour passed before those waiting at the door received the signal to open it. Both the Frenchman's friends and the Greeks lunged forward, and when the door swung open Ben Thompson stepped out. He had killed his first man. Printers rushed him through the lines, and he was carried safely away.from the angry French mob.

Those reading of this, Ben Thompson's first battle, will better understand the cool courage of the man, which was so often displayed in after years. It is a well known fact that he never had altercations or shooting scrapes with peaceable citizens, and where difficulties arose it was with lawless desperate characters that menaced the peace of the community. It was a characteristic in Thompson that he usually let his opponent fire the first shot, thereby always having the law on his side. He was cool and deliberate in his every action, and absolutely without fear. He was inclined to be a fatalist, and believed that he would die with his boots on, but he set no particular time for his demise.

Memorial Tablet To John Twohig

San Antonio Evening News July 9, 1924.

A memorial tablet to the late John Twohig, patriot and pioneer of the Texas Republic, was unveiled Wednesday afternoon in front of the Public Service Company Building on St. Mary's Street.

Two great-grandnieces of the patriot unveiled the tablet. Several other descendants of Twohig were present to witness the unveiling.

The tablet was put down by the Daughters of the Heroes of Texas, De Zavala Chapter.

The presentation of the tablet was made by W. B. Tuttle and it was accepted on behalf of the city by Mayor Tobin. L. J. Hart represented the Texas Landmarks Association, Albert Steves Sr; the business men and Chamber of Commerce, and Miss Vienna Maverick, the Daughters of the Heroes of Texas. The speakers were introduced by Miss Adina De Zavala president and founder of the Patriotic Association for the Preservation of Historic Texas Landmarks and Erection of Tablets and Monuments in places of Historic Interest, and little Miss Alice Crear MacFarlane acted as flag bearer.

The tablet is of bronze and is oblong, measuring about two feet long and one foot wide. In each corner is a small star, symbolic of Texas, and in the center at the top is a small flag of the Texas Republic. The inscription on the tablet reads:

"John Twohig Lived On These Grounds. Here he entertained Robert E. Lee and other famous men. He was known for his Christianity, hospitality and charity to the poor and orphans. He blew up his store to keep the powder and shot from the enemy during Vasquez's raid, March, 1842. He was captured by Woll, September, 1842, escaped with other Texas prisoners July 2, 1843, by digging through the walls of the Castle of Perote, Mexico. De Zavala Chapter, Daughters of the Republic of Texas."

In 1845 when Texas was admitted to the Union as a State, Twohig climbed the tower of San Fernando Cathedral and unfurled the American flag.

Twohig was a banker and a merchant and came to Texas back in the thirties when Texas was still a part of Mexico. He was imprisoned as early as 1835 by the Mexicans for signalling the Texans who were at that time besieging the Mexicans. When Milam and Johnson captured San Antonio, Twohig and other American prisoners were released. In 1840 during the Vasquez raid when Twohig heard the Mexicans were coming, he opened his store containing provisions, clothing, powder and shot and sent for all the poor and citizens in general and told them to help themselves, which they did. He then blew up his store to prevent the powder and shot and remaining stores from falling into the hands of the enemy.

WANTED—Back numbers of "Frontier Times" Let me know what you have.—A. A. Patrick, Weatherford, Texas.

The Old Frontier and Events of Long Ago.

By W. K. Baylor.

During the spring of 1837 a party of Mexicans visited all the Indian nations on the frontier of Texas, making to them the most seductive offers to induce them to make war on the Texans. They promised them arms, amunition, and the plunder and prisoners—women and children included—taken during the war; also the peaceable possession of the country then held by them. At the same time emissaries succeeded in persuading them that, if the Texans were successful in war pending between Texas and Mexico, they would seize the country then occupied by the different tribes, and drive them from the land of their fathers. Thus many tribes of the prairie Indians were induced to join the Mexicans.

These Indians soon commenced their raids into the settlements of the white people and Texas declared war against them. Yet no successful effort was made to chastise them. Every few days during the year 1837 some murdered citizen, or stolen property evidenced their hostile feeling. Raids were made by the Texans into the Indian country and many bloody battles were fought. Thus the while frontier was lighted with the flames of a savage war. The immediate cause of these hostilities is to be found in the opening of the land offices in the beginning of the year 1838. Surveyors and locators, desiring to select the best lands, had gone out beyond the settlements and begun their work. The Indians, seeing them at work, were not slow to believe what the Mexicans had told them: that the white people would take all their hunting grounds and drive them off. Their attacks upon the frontiers were in resistance of this movement. The spirit of war thus awakened in the Indians was not allayed. They continued their raids and murders and thefts, and carried many women and little children into captivity worse than death. In the meantime the Texans were not idle. In January, 1839, Col. John H. Moore invaded the Comanches' stronghold on the Colorado and had quite a battle with them, in which the Indians were beaten, but they continued hostile and troublesome. The Council House fight in San Antonio in February, 1840, the attack on Victoria, on Linnville, the Battle of Plum Creek, are all matters of history and show how determined the Comanches were to hold the land of their fathers and how determined the Texans were to fill the land with a better class of people. This character of warfare continued for nearly thirty-five years. The number of whites killed will never be known, but that the number will run well into the thousands will not be doubted. No one knows the number of Indians killed, nor will it be doubted that their number will also run into the thousands.

By the year 1855 all Indians had been pushed far northward by the white settlers. The policy of placing the Indians on reservations had been determined on by the general government, and a reservation was made for the Comanches on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, connected with the military post at Camp Cooper. Five hundred Comanches were located here, fed at public expense, and supplied with cattle, but no horses, as they had horses in abundance. The other small tribes were assembled on a reservation near where the town of Graham, Young county, is now situated. On this reservation were located the Caddos, Keechis, Wacos, Delawares, and other remnant tribes. The Indians being now on reservations the frontier people felt that the Indian troubles were at an end, and feeling thus secure they ventured further from the settlements, many of them to their destruction. Our frontier line of those days was roughly as follows: Through the counties of Grayson, Denton, Parker, Palo Pinto, Eastland, Brown, Lampasas, Burnet, Gillespie, Kendall and Bexar, and then southeast to San Patricio, which left about two-thirds of Texas in possession of the Comanche and his ally, the Kiowa.

In 1856 there were but few depredations, but in the spring of 1857 hostilities were renewed with the suddenness of an explosion. In the early spring the Comanches came down like wolves on the fold and on approaching the settlements they divided into squads of eight or ten simultaneously entered the counties of Plo Pinto, Erath, Brown and Comanches, and murdered and scalped all who fell in their way. With their bloody scalps they left the settlements with the utmost speed.

The foregoing briefly pictures our

frontier for many years. From 1856 to 1862 I lived in what is now Stephens county, so I know whereof I speak. The particular case I wish to record took place in Brown county in 1873. This was among the last Indian raids in that county, and is a typical case and shows what the pioneers endured in the early settlement of Texas. Early one morning in the above mentioned year, while Mr. Willaims was away from home after timbers to complete his cabin, Mrs. Willaims was in the cow pen milking. She had with her a little girl some seven years old, and her baby about ten months old. It was very cold, and to keep the children warm Mrs. Williams made a fire in the cow lot, and while busily engaged in milkng she was attacked by a party of Indians who shot several arrows into her body. Thinking they had killed her, they took the baby and dragged it through the fire, burning it until they thought it would die, then left, taking the little girl off with them, and taking at the same time an old side saddle for the little girl to ride on. After the Indians left, Mrs. Williams, mortally wounded as she was, carried her baby into the house and dressed it, but she evidently died soon afterwards. In a short time her son came home and found the mother murdered and the baby in the agonies of death. The baby was carried to a neighbor's home, where it died and was buried with its mother.

In the same year, 1873, a party of surveyors, while engaged in locating and surveying railroad lands on the head waters of the Brazos river, discovered the body of a small white girl on the Salt Fork of that stream. The party encamped one night near a small canyon tributary to the Salt Fork. The teamsters, as usual, belled and hobbled the oxen and turned them out to graze. Early next morning they went out to gather in the teams preparatory to breaking camp. In a short time one of them hurriedly returned, very much excited and frightened, and it was with much difficulty that he related the cause of his panic. Finally he managed to tell that he had found evidence of an Indian camp, in which he saw the remains of a human being hanging from a small tree. Upon close investigation the camp was visited, where was found the body of a little white girl suspended from the lower limb of a small hackberry tree. The child was apparently about ten years of age. A leather strap had been passed around the body under the right armpit and tightly knotted over the left shoulder close to the neck and the end tied to the limb. The entire scalp had been removed, there being only a small tuft of hair (blonde) left on the nape of the neck, by means of which it was identified as being the body of a white child. The remains were clothed in a short calico skirt and a woolen sack. The feet were bound in pieces of an old blanket, evidently to take the place of shoes. Nearby was lying an old side saddle. The body was in an advanced stage of decomposition, death having occurred evidently two weeks previously, and it was buried at the foot of the tree, the Episcopal burial service being read by that princely gentleman, George W. Polk, who recently died at San Antonio.

The commandant at Fort Griffin stated that there had been no Indians in the vicinity of his post, and was at a loss to know where the child was taken from. He said, however, that a detachment of his command, about two weeks previous to the time the child's body was found, "encountered and dispersed a band of Indians in the vicinity of the Indian camp referred to, capturing a shield upon which the blond scalp of a white woman was stretched." As the surveyors journeyed south to Fort Griffin efforts were made to get some trace of the child. Finally the father was located in Brown county, and he identified the sample of clothing taken from the body as being of the same color and kind as the clothing worn by his little daughter when carried off by the Indians. When Mr. Williams was told that there was an old side saddle near where the body was found he knew but too well that it was the body of his little girl the surveyors had found and that the scalp found on the shield was hers. The little child was carried nearly 200 miles before she was murdered and scalped.

The circumstances of the kidnaping of this child, and the massacre of the other members of the family to which she belonged, are very similar to the accounts of the indiscriminate slaughter of frontiersmen and their families. As stated in the beginning, this is a typical case, and shows the cruel, blood-thirsty nature of the savage imps of hell, who spared neither sex nar age, but with fiendish delight tortured and murdered defenseless women and children when given the slightest opportunity. The men in charge of the surveying party that

found the body of the little Williams girl were J. E. Elgin, G. W. Angle and George W. Polk. Mr. Elgin alone survives, and is a resident of San Antonio. As before stated the body of the little girl wasg iven a Christian burial where found, and no man knoweth of her sepulchre to this day The Willlams family consisted of the husband and wife, and three children, the little girl carried off by the Indians, a boy of ten years, and the baby burned and killed by the Indians.

To enumberate the victims along our frontier would be dreary reading indeed, and would be a mere list of names, nor would the monotony be much varied by the details of each case. Not the half of what our frontier people endured can ever be told. The whole of our old frontier is blest with the dust and bright with the deeds of her heroic sons and daughters.

Roy Bean, the "Law West of the Pecos."

El Paso Herald, 1914

"Roy Bean, justice of the peace. Law west of the Pecos.' To the world in general and Texas in particular, Roy Bean, "J. P.;" was the originator of the bit of legal lore which held it no crime to kill a Chinaman in Texas, and the equally famous decision by which he confiscated the gun and $20 gold from the body of a deceased Texan on the pretext of a fine of $20 for carrying concealed weapons assessed against the deceased. These two frontier tales are Roy Bean's only bid to fame. To speak of Roy Bean is to hear for the 100th time these well worn stories of his legal decisions. Of Roy Bean, "the man of the hour in west Texas" in the pioneer days, practically nothing has been written and less known.

Judge T. A. Falvey, of El Paso, was an associate of the old Langtry justice in the days when he was, in reality, all the law west of the Pecos. As district judge in the district which included El Paso, Fort Stockton, Del Rio and enough other real property to cover half of the New England states and slosh over into New York; Judge Falvey met and knew Judge Bean as a brother barrister and as a close friend Judge Falvey had an opportunity to study the man and his work at close range.

The two stories upon which the fame of the odd old character by the Pecos high bridge rested, were only samples of what occurred daily when court was in session in the rear room of the Bean general store, saloon, postoffice and courthouse.

How Bean came into possession of that country immediately adjacent to the Pecos river on the west, no one knows. That he was in full possession there was no doubt. His sign was no mere brag. It was a fact as firmly established in the minds of the Langtryites and in the habitants of Vinearoon near the painted cave. Roy Bean was the law west of the Pecos as more than one offender discovered to his extreme and intense sorrow.

The first meeting of Roy Bean, justice, and T. A. Falvey, district judge, was characteristic of the man on the Pecos. Judge Falvey had gone to Vinegaroon to hear an application for a writ of habeas corpus which had been sworn out by some young upstart of a lawyer who dared to brave Roy Bean's ire by going over his head with an application to the district court. The railroad was not yet built to Vinegaroon and it was necessary for Judge Falvey to ride overland a part of the distance. He arrived in Vinegaroon while Justice Bean was in the act of trying a misdemeanor case in his improvised tent which served him as a court of justice until he moved over to Langtry.

Just as Judge Falvey entered the canvas court room the jury, which had been deliberating upon the fate of the accused, returned with the report that they could not reach a decision. At the off hip of the presiding dignitary was a pearl handled sixshooter, the El Paso attorney said. He deliberately pulled the gun and laid it carefully in front of him on the table. Addressing the jury, he told them that hung juries might be all right in some communities, but it would not go in his court. He then sent the jury back into the rear of the tent to deliberate further, with the threat that unless they arrived at a verdict they would be chained to the post outside of the tent which served the grizzled old justice as a jail. The verdict was immediately rendered against the defendant.

The justice was legally elected but once. He was justice by right of might after that and he defied anyone to attempt to oust him from his position as the regulator of the morals of the community. Fines collected by him went into the Bean private exchequer, but the state had no objection. It recognized that Bean was the man for the place and that his peculiar methods of applying justice were the only ones applicable at that particular part of the commonwealth of Texas.

The story of how Bean fined the dead man $20 and confiscated that much change from him, together with the six-shooter which cluttered up the person of the deceased, is but a sample of the justice he administered on a strictly cash basis. Once, while the justice court was in session and old "Doc" Johnson was acting as clerk and legal advisor to his honor the justice, it was decided after a whispered consulation between the two, Bean and "Doc", that the man could dig up $10 for a fine in the case in which he had been found guilty. "I fine you $10," said the justice, whereupon the culprit produced a $20 bill and asked for the change.

"Change," thundered Bean, "change h—. This court makes no change. I will raise you ten and take your pile."

At anoter time a man was under arrest for robbing a neighbor of $350, which he had earned at hard labor. The witnesses in the case were transients and the man was shrewd enough to know that the overland trip of 150 miles from Langtry to Fort Stockton would not be made by them in order to testify. With no witnesses against him he would promptly be turned loose. Bean knew this fact also. Addressing the prisoner he ordered him to return the money. This the prisoner refused to do, claiming that he had not stolen it. Branding him as several kinds of a liar, Bean gave him one more chance to dig up the money. This last chance was delivered with an ultimatum. If the money was not forthcoming at once he, the prisoner, would be hung by order of the court as an example to the community. The amount was dug from its cache and deliveered to its rightful owner and the prisoner turned loose.

At another time, when Langtry had assumed the metropolitan aspect of a city with a single lawyer, this lawyer was rude enough to insinuate that the court had no jurisdiction in the case in which he was appearing as attorney for a man accused of assault with intent to murder. Bean issisted upon trying the case, knowing that to have it go to Stockton would mean an acquittal for lack of witnesses.

"But, judge, you have no jurisdiction in such cases and I demand my rights as attorney for the defendant," shouted the lawyer.

"Sit down", said Bean.

"But I insist that you have no right under the law," pleaded the lawyer.

"Sit down or I will have you hung,' thundered the justice. "I am the law west of the Pecos."

And so he was. Slender, shrewd, with a shaggy beard and a keen eye, Roy Bean was the law west of the Pecos, because he was the only man who could enforce it, Judge Falvey says.

Here is Judge Falvey's estimate of Roy Bean:

"That man did a world of good. He was the man for the place. The rough community where he had settled would have tolerated no enforcement of the law as it was printed in the statute books. But they tolerated Bean because he was both law and equity, right and justice. He filled a place that could not have been filled by any other man. He was distinctly a creation of circumstances.

"He was in control of the situation and his control was the only one possible. His decisions were not always according to the law and the fact, but they were accepted and that was the big point. Roy Bean's part in the pioneer history of west Texas cannot be written in a page. He was what he claimed to be—the law west of the Pecos."

Many school teachers throughout the state will use Frontier Times in their school work. They will find this little magazine a valuable aid as a source reader in the study of Texas history. It gives real historical information supplied reader in th study of Texs history, for it gives re historical information, furnished by real pioneers, men and women who had a part in the making of the history of our state.

Next issue completes the first volume of Frontier Times. If your subscription began with number one it will expire with number twelve, and a renewal will be in order.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

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The September number of Frontier Times, to be issued in August, will complete the first volume of this interesting little magazine. If your subscription started with the first number it will expire when you receive the September number. You will then have received twelve numbers, and a renewal will be in order. We hope you will invite Frontier Times to continue its regular visits to you, and that you will not miss a single copy. A renewal blank will be found in the September issue, for your convenience in ordering Frontier Times to keep coming.

The Old Settlers of Bandera county held a big reunion at Bandera on July 4th and 5th, which surpassed any event ever held in this section. It is estimated that more than 8,000 people were in attendance the first day. More than 500 old settlers of Bandera county attended the reunion, among them being many men and women more than eighty years of age. Settlers who have lived in Bandera county more than sixty years are given free membership; all over forty years old, and who have resided in Bandera county less than sixty years pay a membership fee of one dollar per annum. J. E. Browning of Medina was elected president, Gus Reinarz of Pipe Creek, vice-president, and Mrs. Chas Eckhart of Bandera, secretary-treasurer of the Bandera County Old Settlers' Association for the ensuing year.

In this issue of Frontier Times we publish an interesting sketch, "The Old Frontier and Events of Long Ago," written by Col. W. K. Baylor of San Antonio. Col. Baylor has furnished us with much thrilling and highly interesting material, dealing with his experience during the early days, and under the same title it will appear in our September issue.

The Texas Ex-Rangers' Association will hold a reunion at Menard Aug. 13th, 14th and 15th. Great preparations are being made to entertain the old boys.

Wild Quinine.

James T. DeShields of Dallas, writes Frontier Times: "I have just received the July number of Frontier Times, and I congratulate you on the marked improvement of the magazine from a typographical standpoint. Of course its contents are always valuable and highly interesting—not a dull paragraph throughout. It is one magazine that I read from cover to cover. Here's wishing you great success. Make it 48 pages instead of 32, even though you increase the subscription to $2.00; its worth the price and more too. I wish a little information: I own a small oil painting by the late Julian Onderdonk, which he called 'Wild Quinine in Bandera County, Texas,' a shrub or weed with pink blossoms or flowers. What is wild quinine? I never heard of it before. Tell me something about this wild plant or flower, either by letter or in your August number of Frontier Times."

Some years ago Julian Onderdonk, the famous painter, spent quite awhile sketching in Bandera county, and he found many beautiful scenes that caught the wield of his artistic brush. He discovered beauty in the blossom of the lowly weed which grows here in abundance and which he was pleased to call "wild quinine," from the fact that it was bitter, tastes like quinine, and possesses the same medicinal properties of quinine. For years the early settlers of this county used the herb for biliousness and other ills by making a tea of it, or mixing it with whiskey for colds and other complaints. But during the past few years its use has been diminished, especially since the Volstead act became effective.

Orders for back numbers of Frontier Times continue to come to us, but we cannot fill them. Our supply of back numbers has been exhausted. All subscriptions to Frontier Times must begin with current number.

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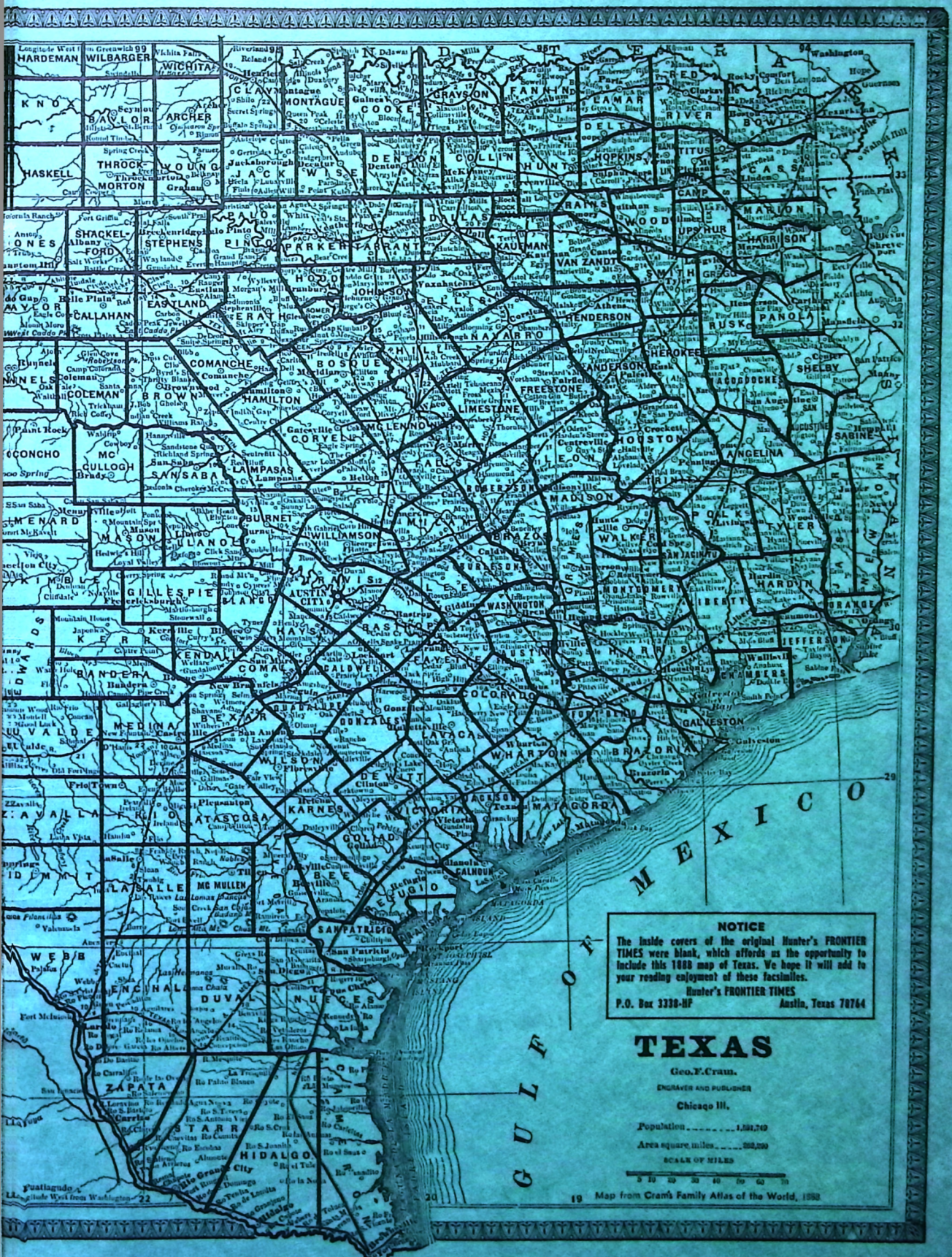
NOTICE
The inside covers of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were blank, which affords us the opportunity to include this 1888 map of Texas. We hope it will add to your reading enjoyment of these facsimiles.
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